

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

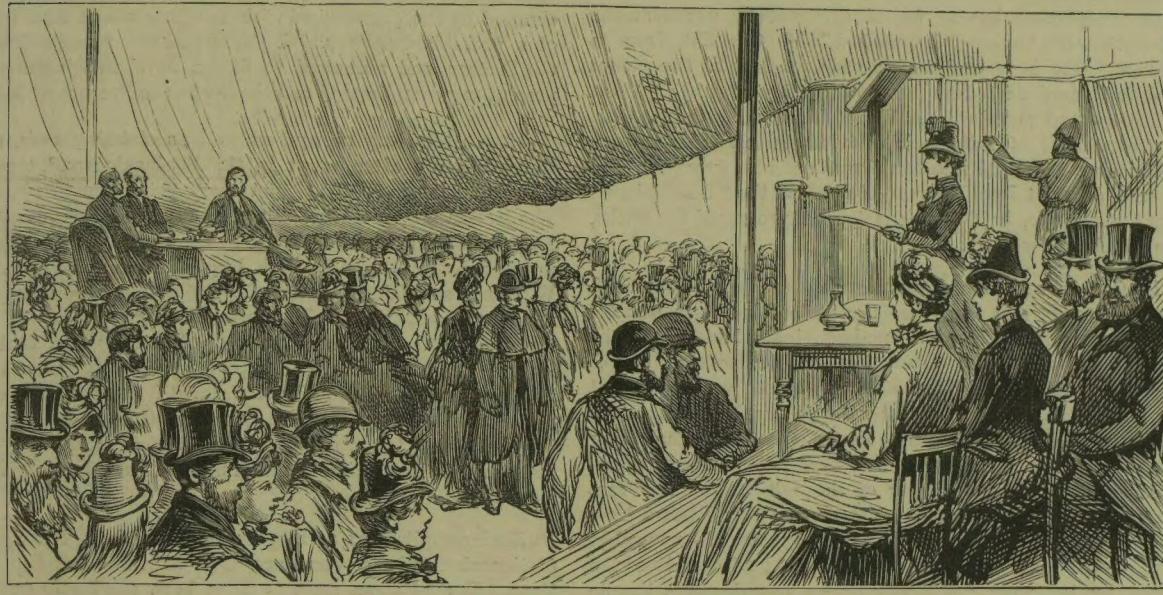


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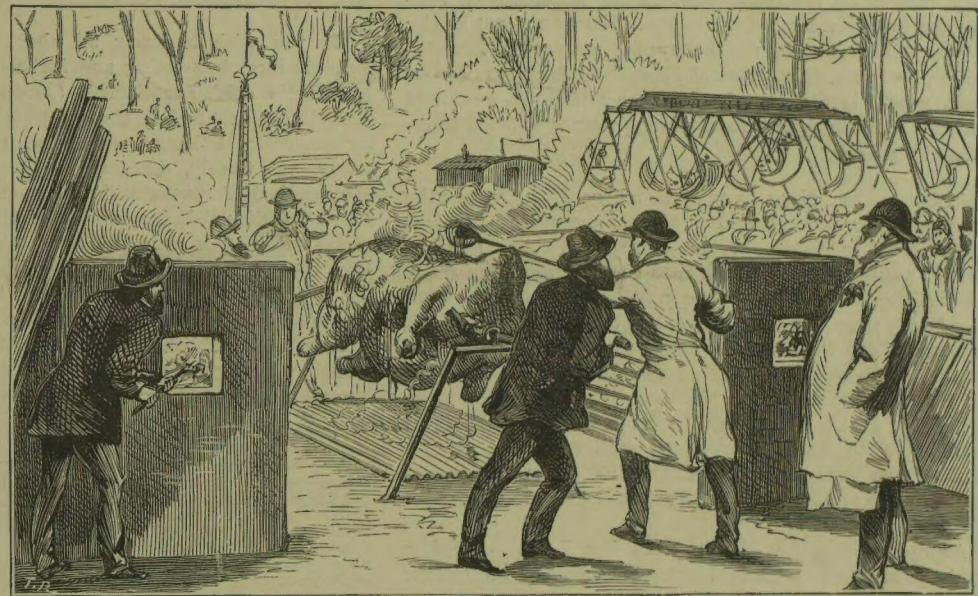
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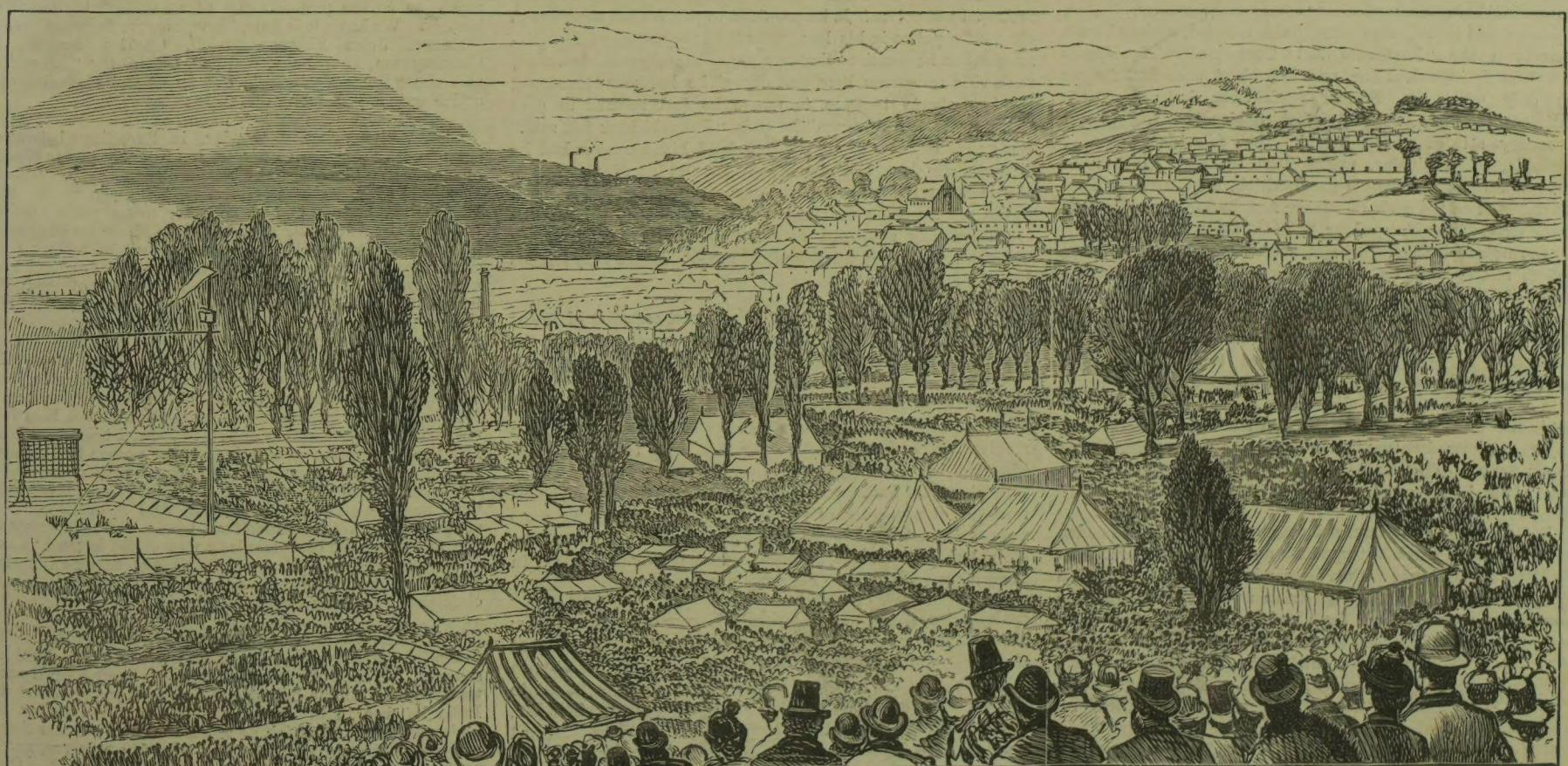


THE EISTEDDFOD.



PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.

ROASTING THE OX.



GENERAL VIEW OF PONTYPOOL.

JUBILEE FESTIVAL AT PONTYPOOL, MONMOUTHSHIRE, ON EASTER MONDAY.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Is it much more than a storm in a teacup, the dudgeon in which the French naval authorities are said to have taken the alleged neglect of the commander of the squadron of British ironclads at anchor off Cape Napoule to fire a salute in acknowledgment of a thunderous greeting on the part of the incoming French war-vessels? So far as we know about the matter in Rome the explanation proffered on our side was to the effect that the British men-of-war had been hurriedly equipped, and were unprovided with cannon of sufficiently small calibre for firing a salute.

There is a story of a Mayor of Boulogne (the tale has been told of twenty different people and in twenty different manners) who was taken to task by Henry the Eighth for having omitted to fire a Royal salute when the monarch in question passed Boulogne on his way to Guines to attend the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The Mayor pleaded that he had twenty-seven good reasons for not firing the salute, the first being that he had no gunpowder. "Let him be excused the rest," quoth Bluff King Hal. Now, the commander of the British squadron off Cannes might have had as many reasons as the Mayor of Boulogne had for not discharging his artillery; but, from a practical point of view, the fact that the British Admiral was destitute of saluting-guns might surely be accepted as a sufficient apology.

Meditating, as I do, early emigration from England to Anticyra or to Abdera (there to give evidence in the not yet concluded lawsuit concerning the ass's shadow), or to Utopia, or the New Atlantis, or Barataria, or the Republic of Jones, or some place or another where one can be safe from newspapers and bores and lithographed invitations to subscribe to the funds of the Convalescent Home for Ugly Boys, the Asylum for Decayed Practical Jokers, and the Pawnbrokers' Jubilee Memorial, it may be permissible ere I levant for good and all to liberate my soul of a few more heresies, and propound a few remaining paradoxes. I want to know whether there are many more things more ridiculously barbarous and childish than that of firing off salutes at all? Why should the making of a thundering noise, and the spreading far and wide of the odour of villainous saltpetre, be recognised as a manifestation of rejoicing, or congratulation, or courtesy? I can understand the firing off at random by naked African savages of "trade" guns (Birmingham made, eight shillings apiece, and the stocks painted a lively red) as an accompaniment to the thwacking of tom-toms and the screeching of cow-horns. But we are not black; we wear clothes; we do not believe (so we say) in Mumbo-Jumbo;—why should we stun the timid and frighten nervous people nearly into fits by letting off a number of guns and making a horrible disturbance, under pretence of being internationally polite?

At home, I am given to understand, we blow away in the course of every year in salutes alone some twelve hundred pounds sterling worth of gunpowder. Twelve hundred pounds: think of that! With that sum we might annually endow a hospital bed, or purchase a first-rate picture or work of sculpture; nay, for one thousand two hundred pounds the Distressed Compiler would be happy to dispose of the copyright of his long since completed epic poem, the "Smithiad," and his six-act tragedy of "Mother Brownrigge, the Compassionate; or, the Victim of Misrepresentation." Finally, I should like to know how many artillermen or seamen gunners have been killed or maimed during the last twenty years through accidents arising from the firing of salutes.

An enterprising jeweller in Paris has, I read, offered to supply persons, who wish to become possessors of the historic Crown diamonds which are to be brought to auction next month, with ornaments studded with these interesting relics. *On s'abonnera.* A subscription list will be opened; and so the subscribers will be in due time delivered such stars, bracelets, *rivières*, necklaces, and brooches as they have selected, enriched with gems from the "Diamants de la Couronne." The idea is an extremely ingenious one, and should at once find favour not only with the French Legitimists, but also with sentimental people with Royalist tendencies and plenty of money all over the world. The fair daughters of Columbia, in particular, might like to know that their *parures* were enriched with gems which, once upon a time, had sparkled on the neck of Marie Antoinette, had glistened on the wrist of the Pompadour, or on the finger of the Dubarry. To the unimaginative, perhaps, these stray brilliants in a modern setting may be no more suggestive of the bygone glories of the French Crown jewels than a single brick would be suggestive of the architectural aspect of Jack Cade's house! There are reliques and reliques. I saw once in a museum a human tooth said to have once embellished the maxillaries of Napoleon the Great. It might have been anybody's tooth. So is it with an ordinary diamond. It may have shone ages ago in the tiara of Semiramis, and, with equal likelihood, it may have gleamed on one of the digits of a professional poker player from Hoshkosh, Michigan, or embellished the shirt-front of Mr. Barabbas Bleedboys, the bill discounter.

But, more than two hundred years ago, there was a London tradesman even more enterprising and more ingenious than the Paris speculator in Crown diamonds. After the execution of Charles the First the equestrian statue of that luckless monarch was hauled down from its pedestal, at Charing-cross, and sold at the price of old metal. The purchaser professed to have had the bronze man and horse melted down, and throughout the Commonwealth he did a steadily profitable business by selling on the sly, to persons of Cavalier propensities, knives, the handles of which were purported to be made from the melted metal. But the crafty speculator had only buried the statue, and at the Restoration he dug the effigy up again and tendered it, safe and sound, to King Charles the Second. The analogies presented by this little

apologue are obvious. There will be another Restoration, perhaps, some of these days, in France.

It is hoped that, by this time, the commercial traveller who went to a French hotel in London, hung up his artificial arm to a peg and then went to bed and to sleep, which became a trance of much interest to the public and great advantage to the writers of newspaper paragraphs, has by this time become thoroughly wide awake, and has paid his bill and gone about his business. One could imagine what would have been the action of Mr. Richard Swiveller in the matter had that eccentric gentleman been the landlord of the hostelry where the French commercial traveller entered on his prolonged nap. Mr. Swiveller would have insisted upon the payment every morning by this somniferous guest for a double-bedded room. Evidently the amount of sleep extracted from a single couch was in the highest degree unfair to the proprietor.

The incident has, I daresay, grown to you by this time quite stale; but I venture, for two reasons, briefly to take note of it: first in consequence of Dr. Charcot, the eminent specialist of the Salpêtrière, having waxed so comically wroth at the imputation of having "hypnotised" M. Chauffat from a distance. One is reminded of the famous Case of Conscience cited by Honoré de Balzac (was it from Rousseau?) : "What is the degree of moral criminality which attaches to him who, by a mere effort of volition, kills a Mandarin at Pekin whom he has never seen, and who has never done him wrong?" By-the-way, does not Jean Jacques himself, in the "Confessions," record a strange, half-conscious trance, prolonged for weeks, into which he once fell?

Dr. Charcot avers that hypnotism has nothing to do with M. Chauffat's case, and says that the patient is only a sufferer from chronic hysteria, whose malady, instead of taking the form of convulsions, manifests itself in "attacks of sleep." Shakspeare called them "expositions." At the present moment there is at the Salpêtrière a woman who has been asleep for months, nor is this the first time that she has wooed the favour of the drowsy god. How the wretches who suffer from insomnia must envy the sleeper of the Salpêtrière! Her case reminds me of a most pathetic utterance which I heard from a poor beggar woman who was being forced—somewhat harshly—to "move on" by the police. "Ah!" exclaimed the ragged, hunted, waif, "if I was only a pawnbroker's bundle with a ticket on it, *at least they'd let me alone for six months.*" She should have been an Irishwoman, the "mother wit" was so true and so touching.

If you wish to know all about hypnotism read Dr. G. Magini's most interesting and instructive little treatise "Le Meraviglie dell' Ipotismo" (Turin: E. Loescher, 1887). Therein you will find all the categories of sleep—somnolence, stupor, coma, lethargy, catalepsy, somnambulism—exhaustively, yet tersely, descanted upon. The author of "Le Meraviglie dell' Ipotismo" entertains the highest admiration for the distinguished specialist of the Salpêtrière, whom he styles "il insigne neuropatologo," and it is pleasant to find that the Italian *savant* also does justice to the researches in the field in question of Dr. Durham, in the "Guy's Hospital Reports," and of Mr. James Braid, a surgeon at Manchester, who in 1842 published an important work on nervous sleep called "Neuropnology." "Il Braidismo" seems to have become a recognised term in Italian medical technology.

"E. H." (Greenwich) writes:—

Your "Echo" regarding the carrying of a revolver will scarcely find many supporters in so barbarous a city as London. Burglars, cut-throats, impudent beggars and murderers, are far too plentiful, while the police are rather scarce... Despite your "Echo" I mean to buy and carry a good revolver. I shall put it aside when we are pretty sure that we shall not be "bashed" by beggars or murdered in our houses—when, in short, we have an adequate supply of police and have reached a rudimentary state of civilisation.

With the "state of civilisation" of how many cities in the world is "E. H." may I ask, conversant? What addition, does he think, should be made to the numerical strength of the metropolitan police? Is he prepared to pay double the present charge for police in his local rates? In the course of his communication he mentions that lately, "in a lonely suburban road, with villa residences here and there," he has been threatened by two sturdy beggars, to whom he had refused to give money. "With a revolver," he adds, "I should have felt safe." But surely the law would not have held him harmless had he drawn a revolver and blown out the brains of the broad-shouldered mendicant who threatened to "bash" his head. Again, we all know that ladies walking alone in the suburbs are frequently subjected to the importunities of ruffianly beggars: would my correspondent counsel all his lady friends to carry six-shooters?

I continue to maintain that the secret carrying of lethal weapons is un-English, is perilous to the preservation of the peace, and is directly provocative not only of misadventure, but of crime. At this moment of writing there lies in London, under sentence of death, a miserable creature convicted of the murder of his sweetheart by shooting her with a revolver. The Judge, in dooming this man to the gallows, admitted his inability to discover a motive for the crime. What business had Currell with a revolver? The assistant manager of a factory of projectiles, called to identify some "pin-fire" cartridges found in the prisoner's box, said that the cartridges were "common ones," and were manufactured in "enormous quantities." For what purpose?

Note, too, if you will be so kind, the case of a young fellow of eighteen, who, a few days since, was brought up at Guildhall, charged with loitering in Throgmorton-street with a loaded pistol and a dagger in his possession, with intent to kill or do some bodily injury to a young woman whose life, during the past month, he had repeatedly threatened. He had tried to stab her, and, failing in his attempt, had run the poniard into one of his own legs. When the police took him into custody, he drew a five-chambered revolver and attempted to shoot himself; but the weapon was knocked out of his

hand. He told the police that he was jealous of the young person whose life he had menaced. Possibly he is mad; but when distraught as well as sane people are allowed to purchase revolvers with perfect impunity, and cheap cartridges are manufactured in "enormous quantities" for their convenience, it strikes me that London is fast becoming a "barbarous" city in a very different sense to that intended by my Greenwich correspondent.

They manage these things differently—I will leave it to others to decide whether they manage them better—in Italy. There the national lethal weapon is the stiletto—"Stilo di Roma!" as Fra Paolo Sarpi exclaimed when he was stabbed by a masked assailant. There is still a lamentable amount of stabbing among the lower classes in the Italian capital, and the authorities (unlike our sapient Home Secretary) are doing their best to put the horrible practice down. I note, in this connection, in a Roman daily paper called *Il Messaggero*, a paragraph significantly headed "Maledetto Coltello," and setting forth how one Gaspari Canestrari, a waggoner, aged twenty-two, living in the Via di Porta San Lorenzo, was charged by the *Carabinieri* with carrying about him a knife of a prohibited pattern. G. Canestrari was arraigned before the Pretura, and sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment. I present my compliments and thanks to the Pretura of Rome.

Mem.: Shooting affrays, as well as stabbing ones, sometimes, but not often, occur in the Peninsula; and, touching shooting, I have a trifling dictionary grievance to vindicate. The Italian for "revolver" is, unless I am mistaken, *rivotella*. To make sure, I went to Piale's, in the Piazza di Spagna, and purchased the Italian-English English-Italian Dictionary of W. James and Giuseppe Grassi, pp. 812, three columns to a page; the publisher, B. Tauchnitz, Leipsic; the date of publication, 1882. It is announced on the title-page that this lexicon is "enriched with terms relating to science and art, mechanics, railways," &c. But I cannot find either "rivotella" or "revolver" in James and Grassi. I seek in vain for "telephone," for "sleeping-car," and for "tramways"—the last being an institution to which modern Italy has taken with astonishing kindness.

Such compilations as English-Italian and English-Spanish dictionaries, and vice-versa, are, as a rule, wonderful productions. Most of them seem to have been originally compiled in the middle of the last century, and bristle with obsolete terms and confused definitions. In the dictionary which I have just cited "mendicante" is rendered as "trumper," instead of "tramp," and the verb "to tramp" is conspicuous by its absence. And then one stumbles across such wonderfully antiquated words as "boot-hale," predrare—to plunder; "borachio," a sot; "brails," "brow-sick," "brite" ("divenir troppo maturo"), "estafette," "festucine," "filemot," "glummy," "hedge-marriage" (!), "nidgery," "neck-band" (this would seem to be seventeenth century), "ouphe," "padder," rendered as "ladro di strada"; "quat," "ruftershod," "serr," "skinker," and "udeaf." Fancy an Italian aurist learning English by means of such a dictionary, and then advertising in the English papers that he was prepared to "udeaf" the nobility and gentry!

A member of the Court of Common Council has had the hardihood to propose that, seeing that the year 1889 will be the seven hundredth anniversary of the Mayoralty of London, the Library Committee should be instructed to take steps for the preparation of a work showing the pre-eminent position occupied during the seven centuries by the City of London, and the important functions which it has exercised "in the making and shaping of England." A lively discussion arose, in the course of which it was alleged that a History of London would cost the City at least five thousand pounds, and, on a division, the proposal was negatived by a majority of ninety-seven. I am glad to find, however, that the matter was ultimately referred to the Library Committee to consider, and report as to the probable cost of an undeniably long-wanted history. We have, it is true, Stow, Strype, Pennant, Maitland, Malcolm, John Thomas Smith, Charles Knight, Peter Cunningham, Thornbury, Walford, Loftie, the "Liber Albus," and the "Remembrancia"; but an official chronicle of Gog and Magog is yet among desirable things.

Am I blundering, I wonder, in "reading between the lines" with reference to a question recently put in the House of Commons touching the estates belonging to Greenwich Hospital? Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, in reply to Sir Samuel Wilson, stated that it had been for many years the settled policy of the Admiralty to sell the landed estates of Greenwich Hospital whenever there was a prospect of selling them to advantage. The greater part of the estates, added the honourable gentleman, had already been disposed of, and it was intended to offer the remainder for sale as opportunity offered. Now, why, it may be asked, should the Admiralty be anxious to get rid of the landed property of Greenwich Hospital? Simply for this reason, I take it. The broad acres held, or formerly held, by the Commissioners of Greenwich were once the estates of the hapless Earl of Derwentwater, and were forfeited to the Crown after the execution of the Earl for participation in the rebellion of 1715. Now, I believe that it is a fact that for many generations every person by the name of Ratcliffe has had a more or less vague conviction that he or she is directly descended from the hapless Jacobite nobleman who was beheaded on Tower Hill, and is entitled, notwithstanding the Act of Forfeiture, to the title and estates. Do you remember the eccentric lady who called herself "Countess of Derwentwater"? Very wisely, it has become the "settled policy" of the Admiralty to get rid of any more possible claimants by selling the coveted lands.

"More Last Words of Mr. Baxter"—I mean the Distressed Compiler. Positively the *very* last words about bubble-and-squeak. "W. F." (Hastings) kindly sends me a droll anecdote touching this simple dainty. When my correspondent was in India he was in the habit of collecting the *menus* of the regimental mess of which he was a member, because they were contained some queer specimens of Baboo English. One day the bill-of-fare included bubble-and-squeak; and this the native butler rendered as "Squeaking Buffalo." I have heard buffaloes roar, but I never heard them squeak. G. A. S.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The House of Lords, far more business-like than the Commons, has not been undeserving of an enviable long Easter holiday, from the Thirty-first of March to the Eighteenth of April, Monday next. Their Lordships have had plenty to occupy their minds besides recreation. In addition to the first of the Ministerial measures for the amendment of the Irish Land Laws, the principal features of which ameliorative Bill were summarised last week, the Peers have doubtlessly considered the welcome instalment of English land reform submitted by the Lord Chancellor. The Marquis of Salisbury, some time ago, announced that Lord Halsbury had this plan ready. When the noble Lord succinctly explained to the House his commendably simple and reasonable scheme to cheapen and facilitate the transfer of land, he had the satisfaction of receiving the hearty support of two former Chancellors, the Earl of Selborne and Lord Herschell. Could Conservative and Liberal statesmen in both Houses but bring themselves to co-operate generally in this desirable way, the Irish and all other difficulties would speedily be disposed of, to the relief of the nation. The Lord Chancellor's Land Bill provides, in brief, that there shall be in London a Land Registry Board composed of men experienced in conveyancing and in legal administration, and having branch offices in the country; that the next time the owner of land proposes to transfer his property it shall be compulsory upon him to register; also "that when a person shall have given such notices as the Land Board shall prescribe, by advertisement or otherwise, that person shall, after a period of five years, be able to apply to the Land Board for a certificate of indefeasible title"; and, while "leaving absolutely untouched the power of settlement and will," to "make the devolution of real property the same as if it be by personalty," the executor being "made the real representative; independently of any question of intestacy."

The reassembling of the House of Commons, on Tuesday, after a too-brief vacation, was marked, happily, by the reappearance in the Chair of Mr. Arthur Peel, who duly thanked Mr. Leonard Courtney for acting as Deputy Speaker. Serene, mayhap, in the knowledge that he had a capable Liberal Unionist herald in Scotland in the person of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Hartington had flitted to Paris in the congenial company of Mr. Henry Chaplin, who, by-the-way, hugely relished the task of refuting Mr. Gladstone's arguments out of his own mouth, last week. But Mr. Smith and Mr. Gladstone were in their places when Mr. Holmes, the Attorney-General for Ireland, earnestly justified the introduction of the Bill for the repression of crime in Ireland. It should be stated that the immediate question before the House is Sir B. Samuelson's amendment:

That this House, being of opinion that the Bill, if it should become law, will tend to increase disorder in Ireland, and to endanger the Union between that country and the other parts of the Empire, declines to proceed further with the said Bill.

Mr. Childers and Mr. Stansfeld were the ex-Ministers who on Tuesday condemned what is inaccurately designated the "Coercion Bill." In the best speech he has hitherto delivered in the House, Mr. Henry Matthews, the Home Secretary, stoutly and earnestly defended the Ministerial measure as one for restoring order and making the law obeyed in Ireland, using a variety of common-sense arguments that I regret I have not space to reproduce. All the same, the Government may be counselled to abandon the clause empowering the Lord Lieutenant to send certain prisoners for trial to London, and to modify other drastic features of a measure which, thus amended, may be of considerable use in suppressing prevalent lawlessness in Ireland. It remains to be seen, I may add, whether the appointment of Colonel King-Harman as Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Ireland is a good one.

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

One of the most adventurous voyages of late years—though, not long since, the Atlantic was crossed by two bold men in an open sailing-boat—came to a successful termination on the 28th ult., when the little sloop Homeward Bound, from Port Natal, on the Indian Ocean coast of Eastern South Africa, safely arrived in Dover harbour. This diminutive vessel, only 20 ft. long in keel, 7 ft. in breadth of beam, and 4 ft. 6 in. in depth, with 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ tons register burden, was built far inland, at Harrismith, beyond the Drakensberg, in the Orange Free State of South Africa, and was conveyed, early in last year, by a waggon, over two hundred and fifty miles of bad roads, to Port Natal, where she was launched in that distant sea. The captain and owner is a Norwegian, Ingvald N. Nilson, who must be one of the bravest of that boldest race of born seamen, famous in history for more than a thousand years, the first discoverers, probably, of North Britain, of Ireland, of Iceland, of Greenland, and of North America. He was accompanied by his brother, Bernhard Nilson, and by Zephaniah Olsen, all being natives of Bodø, in Norway. They embarked at Natal, in May last, taking a small mail-bag, and coasted round to Bird Island, in Algoa Bay, where the harbour-master refused to believe them when they said they were bound to London. On they sailed westward, stopping at Mossel Bay, where they were detained by contrary winds; then rounded Cape Agulhas, the most southerly point of Africa, in a fearful storm at night; and reached Capetown, there meeting with an enthusiastic reception, as the report of their daring enterprise had spread through the colony, and had excited great admiration. After a short stay at Capetown, they again put to sea, on the Atlantic Ocean, and reached the isle of St. Helena, where they were kindly treated by the inhabitants, not least so by the Bishop. It had been their intention to touch nowhere else till they got to England; but a continuance of north-east winds hindered their sailing, and, their stock of fresh water being small, they were compelled to make for St. Michael's, in the Azores, which was reached in a hundred and five days from St. Helena. After leaving St. Michael's, the weather in the Atlantic being still adverse, the Homeward Bound touched at Madeira; she encountered great difficulties in the Bay of Biscay, and at the entrance to the Channel, but happily overcame them all, and has completed her ten months' voyage from the Cape. As she lay in the Wellington docks, at Dover, on the 30th ult., a photograph was taken by Mr. G. A. Savage, of 22, Church-street, Folkestone, from on board the French mail-boat Invicta, lying next to her; and he has permitted us to copy the photograph, which he also has on sale. We give, with this illustration, the portraits of Captain Ingvald Nilson, Bernhard Nilson, and Zephaniah Olsen, the crew of the Homeward Bound. Norwegians as they are, we feel gratified that they sailed under the British flag; and we expect that the public exhibition of their little vessel at the Crystal Palace will draw crowds of visitors during many weeks of this season.

News has reached us that the sealing-steamer Eagle, which was supposed to have foundered, with all hands, is safe.

Festivities are being held in Amsterdam in celebration of the seventieth birthday of the King of Holland. The King and Queen made their State entry into the city on Tuesday.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The performances of last week not already noticed consisted of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Donizetti's "La Favorita," and Bizet's "Carmen." In the first-named instance Mdlle. Rosina Isidor obtained deserved success by her expressive and earnest—if not specially powerful—performance as Donna Anna. The lady (who made her first appearance here) promises to be a welcome addition to the company. The title-character was sustained by Signor Padilla, who is favourably remembered by his artistic performances in previous seasons. Again he displayed similar merits on the occasion now referred to, having given a spirited representation of the Don, sufficiently dashing without being exaggerated. Mdlle. Nordica's co-operation in the character of Elvira was an important feature in the cast, her delivery of the difficult music of the part having been excellent. Mdlle. Engle was a pleasing and sprightly Zerlina; Signor Ravelli, as Don Ottavio, sang effectively, especially in the aria "Il mio tesoro"; Signor Ciampi repeated his well-known comical interpretation of Leporello. Signor Vetta was an efficient representative of Il Commendatore, as was Signor Rinaldini of Masetto.

In Donizetti's tragic masterpiece Madame Mazzoli Orsini made her first appearance as Leonora. The lady has evidently good and experienced dramatic and vocal capabilities, which at first (owing, perhaps, to nervousness and weather influences) were less apparent than in the closing scene of the opera, when she greatly improved on the impression previously made. The characters of Fernando and Alfonso were, as recently, sustained, respectively, by Signor Ravelli and M. Lhéritier.

"Carmen" was given on Saturday for the fourth time during the present season, and again with the important feature of Madame Minnie Hauk's appearance in the title-character.

On Monday evening "Faust" was repeated, with some of the principal characters sustained as before; and the transference of the parts of Siebel and Valentino, respectively, to Madame Bauermeister and Signor Padilla.

On Tuesday "Don Giovanni" was given again, the cast having been in some respects the same as recently. An important change was the substitution of Madame Minnie Hauk for the previous representative of Zerlina. The eminent American artist has, in previous seasons, proved her excellence alike in musical comedy and serious opera, and her performance as Zerlina last Tuesday was, as before, distinguished by genial naïveté and bright vocalisation. Mdlle. Nordica again gave the music of Donna Elvira with excellent declamation; as did Mdlle. Isidor in several instances that of Donna Anna—other characters having been also filled as recently, with the exception of that of Don Ottavio, which was sustained, at very sudden notice, by a gentleman who was so nervous and out of voice that criticism would be unfair under the circumstances.

The first appearance of Miss Emma Nevada, as Amina in "La Sonnambula," was postponed to this (Saturday) evening, when Signor Carnelli will make his début as Elvino, the production of "Leila" (an Italian version of Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de Perles") being deferred to next week.

Herr Hausmann's second violoncello recital, last week, at Prince's Hall, included the production, for the first time here, of one of Brahms's most recent compositions—a sonata for violoncello and pianoforte, classed as Op. 99. It is laid out on a full scale, consisting of four movements, in each of which the special characteristics of the composer are favourably manifested. It received an excellent rendering by Herr Hausmann, as violoncellist, and Mr. Max Pauer, as pianist. Of the merits of the work we shall, doubtless, soon have an opportunity of speaking further.

Good Friday (as stated last week) included various performances of sacred music. "The Messiah" was finely rendered by the Royal Albert Hall Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby; the vocal solos having been efficiently sung by Misses Robertson and Damiani, Mr. H. Piercy, and Mr. W. Mills. In the same building, on Easter Monday, a concert was given, supported by most of the principal artists of Mr. Mapleson's Royal Italian Opera Company. The performances of Madame Minnie Hauk, Mdlles. Nordica and Engle, Signori Ravelli and Padilla, M. Lhéritier, and others, were thoroughly appreciated by a large and enthusiastic audience. The programme consisted chiefly of well-known operatic pieces. Signor Logheder and M. Jaquinot were the conductors.

A special performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend," is to be given by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby, this (Saturday) afternoon; and next Saturday evening being St. George's Day, there will be a grand national concert in this hall.

"The Bride of Messina," written by Professor Dr. Hermann Müller, the music by J. H. Bonawitz, will be given (the first time in England) at the Portman Rooms, on Saturday, the 23rd inst., in aid of the German Hospital, Dalston. It will be under the patronage of Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron de Pawell-Rammingen.

A concert was given on Good Friday evening, at Brixton Hall, by Miss May Adolphus. An excellent programme was provided, the principal soloists being Mrs. Weldon, Madame Raymond, Miss May Adolphus, Mr. Herbert Reeves, and Mr. Horscroft. There was also some good chorus singing by the Brixton Choral Society, ably conducted by Mr. W. Sexton.

The Prince of Wales attended the Newmarket Craven Meeting, which began on Tuesday.

The special evening services in the nave of Westminster Abbey for the present season will begin on Sunday next, and will be continued till the last Sunday in July.

In continuation of their ever-growing "English Catalogue," Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have published their customary annual supplement, comprising all the English publications issued in Great Britain and Ireland during the past year, with names of publishers, prices, and other particulars. The list extends to more than six thousand publications, including American works of special interest.

Mr. G. Girling, president of the National Union of Elementary Teachers, gave the opening address at its conference at Portsmouth on Monday. He urged the importance of extending education in view of the increasing commercial and manufacturing competition of foreigners. At Tuesday's sitting Mr. D. Salmon read a paper on the necessity for the appointment of a Minister of Education of Cabinet rank; and a resolution to this effect was carried by a large majority.

The festival dinner of the friends of the Royal National Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, on the separate principle, Ventnor, Undercliff, Isle of Wight, will be held at the Hôtel Métropole, Whitehall Saloon, on Tuesday, April 19th, the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., in the chair. The special purpose of this gathering is to provide funds for the completing and furnishing of the tenth block of houses, so as to allow of its being opened for the reception of patients in October next.

JUBILEE FESTIVAL AT PONTYPOOL.

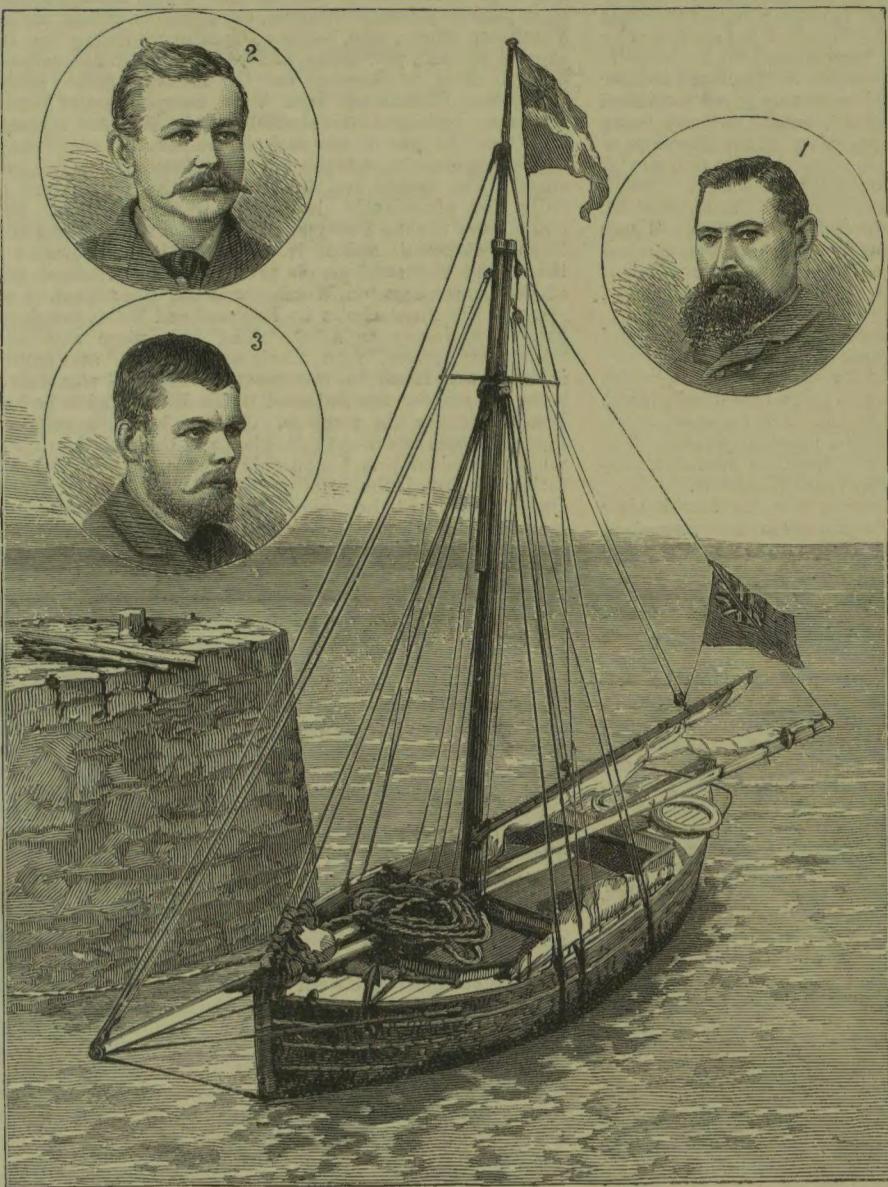
The town of Pontypool, in Monmouthshire, was the scene of combined festivities on Easter Monday, in celebration of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign, with the musical and lyrical performances of a Welsh Eisteddfod, or assembly of poets, scholars, and patrons or connoisseurs, of native arts and learning. The merit of having got up this celebration is due to a public-spirited townsman, Captain Gus Bevan, an active Volunteer officer, who, besides liberally providing the funds, exerted himself personally, as Mrs. Bevan also did, assisted by Miss Jenkins, in carrying out the arrangements. With the portraits of Captain and Mrs. Bevan, we give that of Mr. David Williams, president of the Eisteddfod. Mr. J. C. Hanbury, who lent the use of his park, is president of the Pontypool Fire Brigade, in which Captain Bevan is the leading spirit. The streets and buildings of the town were tastefully and abundantly decorated for the occasion. Special trains were run to Pontypool from all parts of Wales and the West of England, and it is estimated that there were more than sixty thousand people present. The principal feature of the proceedings on Monday was the Eisteddfod, in which some of the finest choirs in England and Wales competed for prizes amounting to £200. The test piece selected was "Wretched Lovers," from "Acis and Galatea," and additional interest was taken in the event by reason of this being the piece chosen for the National Welsh Eisteddfod to be held in London during the summer. After a keen competition, the first prize was awarded to Dowlaish and the second to Llanelli, whilst Burleigh was honourably mentioned. The other exhibitions included the roasting of a fine Devon ox from the Queen's farm; at the close of the week 3000 poor people were entertained at dinner. There were also performances by Blondin and a magnificent display of fireworks, during which a portrait of the Queen was shown and greeted with great enthusiasm. The proceeds of the festival are to be devoted towards the erection of a free library and a fire brigade station.

FIGHTING THE SHANS IN BURMAH.

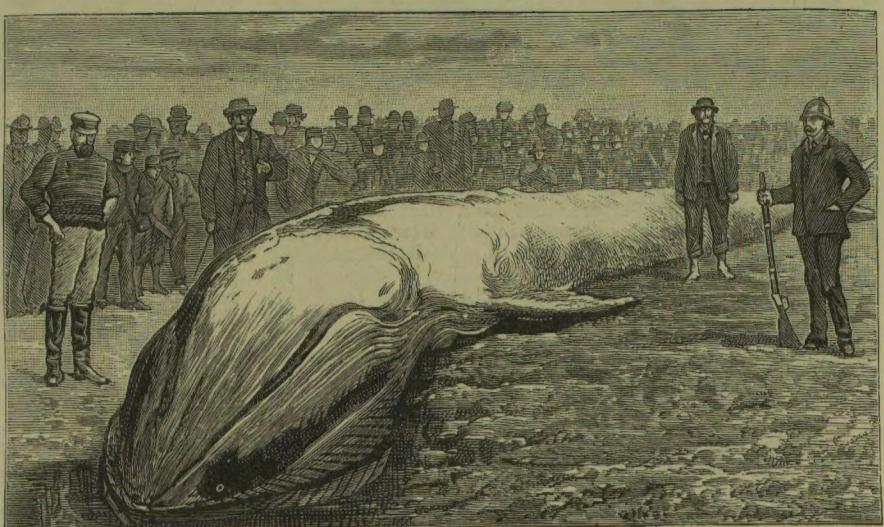
The force of British and Indian troops under the command of Colonel Stedman, which has been employed for the pacification of the Shan tribes inhabiting some hill districts east of the valley of the Irrawaddy, was engaged in active warfare during the second week of February. Our correspondent, Captain C. Pulley, of the 3rd Ghoorkas, contributes sketches of the operations performed in aid of a friendly native ruler, the Tsawbwa of Nyoungwe, whose capital was threatened by a formidable band of rebels, and who met the British expedition on Feb. 7, with the officials of his Court, riding on elephants, displaying the usual paraphernalia of gilt umbrellas, fans, and other tokens of princely dignity. He consented that an attack should at once be made upon the fortified position occupied by his enemy, the Yenksen Tsawbwa, which was distant about five miles to the north-east; and Colonel Stedman, having reconnoitred the place, with an escort of fifty of the Hampshire regiment and fifty Ghoorkas, resolved upon a night march to attack it early next morning. This plan was most successfully carried out. The infantry, covered by artillery fire, advanced steadily through the high thick grass, descending to a stream over which the skirmishers crossed, closely followed by their supports and reserve. The line was reinforced, and then clambered up the bank over very rough ground, forcing its way through the grass above their heads, the Europeans on the right, the Ghoorkas on the left. As they breasted the slopes up to the stockade, they heard the enemy shouting defiance at them and beating gongs; but the Shans never waited for our troops to charge, and the latter, when they cleared the stockades, found the place empty, and the enemy in full retreat northward. On our side, the casualties were three men receiving spike wounds; the enemy lost about twelve killed, with probably twice that number wounded. After destroying the defences, an advance was ordered to the next fort, distant about two miles and a half, to which it was reported the Yenksen Tsawbwa himself had fled. On reaching the position, it was found that the enemy had cleared out from all the approaches and positions he had been holding; and, it being now late in the day, the troops returned to camp, having been sixteen hours under arms. The rout of the enemy was complete, although no very large capture of arms was effected. A standard, with the peacock, the emblem of Royalty, was found on the ground; and a few arms, principally spears and dhars. The effect of the day's work, both from a military and political point of view, is likely to be all that could be desired. The Nyoungwe Tsawbwa no longer doubts—if he ever did—the British military strength; and it is to be hoped that now our political officers will find the way open to a speedy settlement of the country, and to the fulfilment of the object of the expedition. On the following day the British force marched into Nyoungwe, where the Tsawbwa is now secure. It is not intended to interfere with the internal government of the Shan States, which have hitherto been tributary to Burmah, but to prevent the inroads of Shan freebooters into the plains. A political Residency will be established at a suitable place; and it is expected that the construction of the railway from Tonghoo, on the Sittang, to Mandalay, will lead the Shans to appreciate the value of peaceful trade. We recently gave some account of Tonghoo and the country up the Sittang river; we now give a view of the Enlay Lake.

WHALE ON THE LINCOLNSHIRE COAST.

On Sunday week, the 3rd inst., a large whale was captured off Skegness, near Boston, on the coast of Lincolnshire. Mr. J. R. Storr observed the whale, spouting, about half a mile from the pier-head, heading towards Boston Deep. It turned northwards for some distance, and then came right for the pier, striking the landing-stage very heavily. Mr. Storr and Smalley, the life-boat coxswain, manned a small boat and, armed with boat-hooks, succeeded in driving the monster towards the shore; and it was soon in the shallows, the tide being low, but flowing. As the water was rising, and there was a chance of losing the prize, Mr. E. A. Jackson planted several shots from a Remington rifle in the whale; but the bullets appeared to have no effect, and, considering the animal's bulk, this is not to be surprised at. After some delay, Storr and Smalley very boldly took to the water, and succeeded, with some difficulty, in getting a small strong rope snicked round the tail. This was of little use; but the incoming tide, with a rather heavy swell, was of greater assistance; for the huge bulk was gradually rolled over and over, towards the beach, the whale being helpless in the shallow water. All this time it made great efforts to escape, and was continually spouting and bellowing. There was great excitement, the shore being lined with people. The whale ceased to struggle at two o'clock, at which hour it broke the rope attached to it, in its death-throes. It proved to be a true whale (*Balaena*), and measured 47 ft. long, by 18 ft. girth, 10 ft. across the tail, and the length of the head 11 ft. from the tip of the nose to the eye. Our illustration is from a photograph taken by Mr. E. A. Jackson.



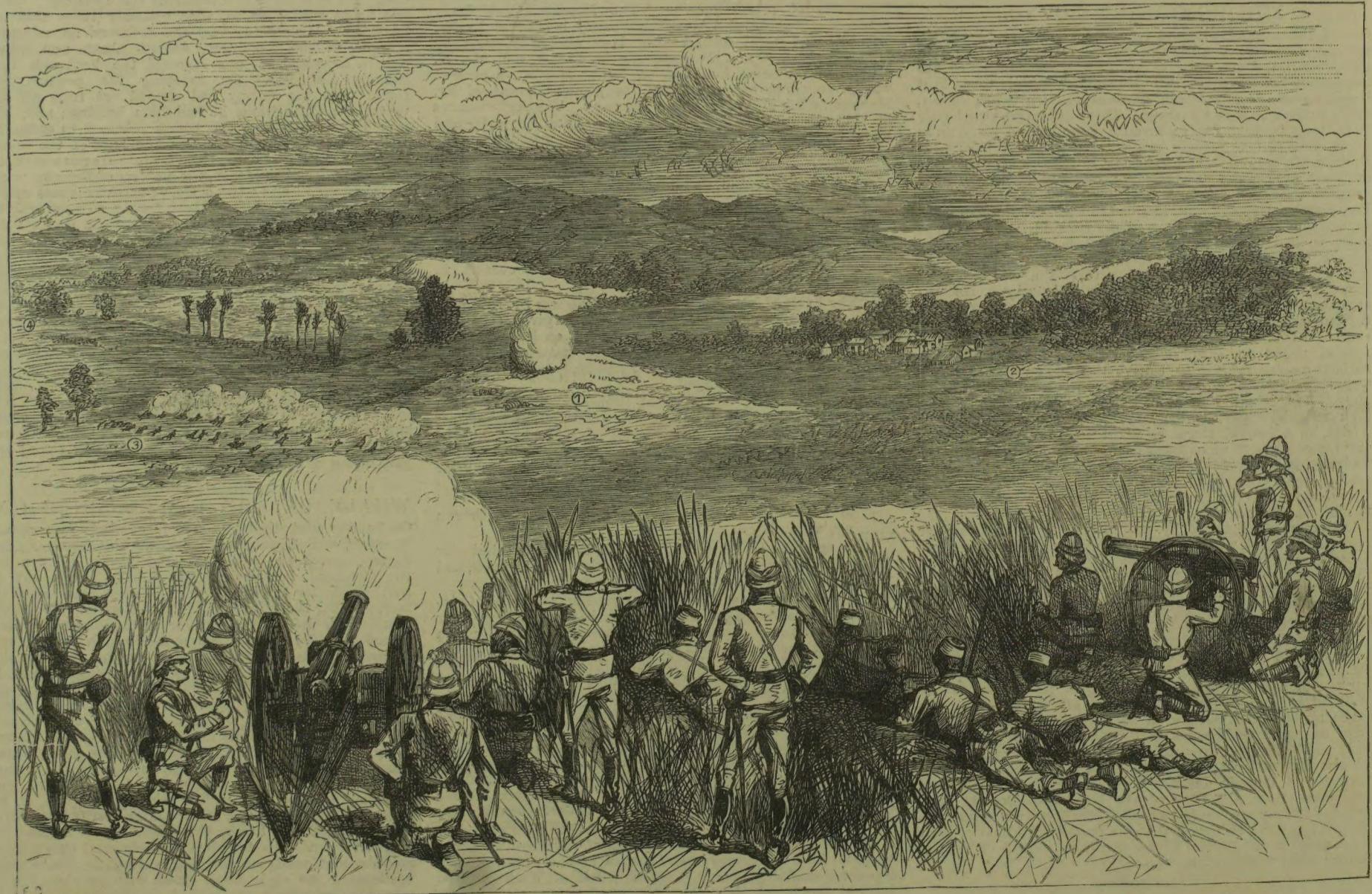
1. Captain Ingvald Nilson. 2. Bernhard Nilson. 3. Zephanius Olsen.
THE HOMeward BOUND IN DOVER HARBOUR: CAPTAIN AND CREW.



LARGE WHALE CAPTURED AT SKEGNESS, LINCOLNSHIRE.



WITH THE SHAN COLUMN: THE ENLAY LAKE AT MEIN-SENK.
SKETCH BY CAPTAIN PULLEY.



1. Mound in front of village occupied by enemy. 2. Village of Nankon. 3. 67th (Hampshire) skirmishing. 4. 3rd Ghoorkas making a flanking movement behind the near slope.

WITH THE SHAN COLUMN IN BURMAH: ATTACK ON THE REBEL POSITION AT NANKON.

SKETCH BY CAPTAIN C. PULLEY, 3RD GHORKAS.

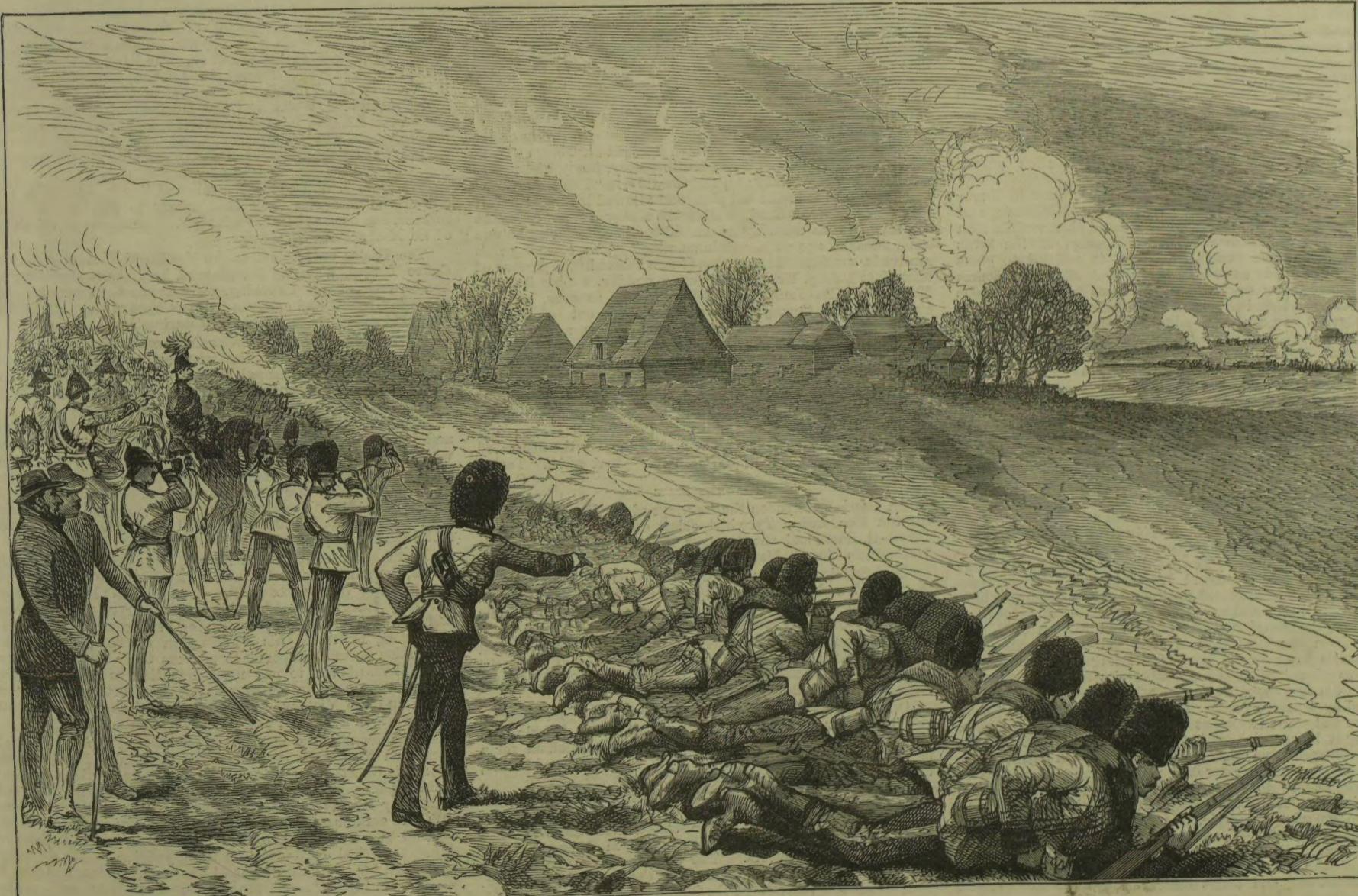


1. Cyclist Scouts.

2. Cyclist Scouts Surprised at Eastridge.

3. Rescued by the London Scottish.

4. A Race for Life.



THE DEFENCE OF TEMPLE FARM, AT WHITFIELD, NEAR DOVER, ON SATURDAY.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER MANOEUVRES NEAR DOVER.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER MANOEUVRES.

The field-day manoeuvres of the Metropolitan and Home Counties' Volunteer Corps on Easter Monday took place this year at Dover with an engagement between a supposed attacking force of 7800 men, commanded by Major-General H. J. Buchanan, and a defending force, of about 4600, under the command of Colonel W. Chads. The superior commander of the whole was Lieutenant-General the Hon. Percy Fielding. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, was present at the manoeuvres, and afterwards reviewed and inspected the troops. The preliminary operations, on Saturday, between Canterbury and Dover, with the marching from Canterbury of three distinct columns brought down by railway from London, and the conflicts for disputed positions near Dover, were of considerable military interest.

Our illustrations refer to a part of the operations last mentioned—namely, the movements of the column marching on Saturday from Canterbury which was commanded by Colonel Laurie, 3rd London Volunteer Rifles, and which consisted of the 3rd London Rifle Volunteers, the 7th Middlesex (the London Scottish), and the 21st Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, the column being about a thousand strong. The distance it had to traverse was fully twenty miles, and the country was broken and undulating along the whole line of march. The column formed up at its rendezvous at Stonehouse. Colonel Laurie's Regiment, the 3rd London, in their bright scarlet uniforms, led the way. The London Scottish came next, under Colonel Lumsden; and the 21st Middlesex, in dark green, under Colonel Morris, closed the rear of the column. The cavalry, under the command of Colonel Stracey, consisted of some fifty Middlesex Yeomanry, and there was the Bicycle and Tricycle Corps, a hundred and fifty strong, divided into two parties, one on each flank, who present a novel feature of military tactics. From Stonehouse the column marched through Bekesbourne to Adisham Court and Holy Innocents on to Rotting Court. There was no halt here, but before they reached the village of Holt-street the column came to a pause. They were nearly half-way between Canterbury and their destination, when news was brought that part of the enemy's force, advancing from Dover, had come in contact, near Coldred, with Colonel Cecil Russell's force, which consisted of a hundred troopers from Canterbury. The Artists' Corps from Walmer, one of the East Kent Battalions from Dover, and two field guns from Shorncliffe. The hostile force, led by Colonel C. Brackenbury, was an infantry brigade, composed of the 1st Buffs, the 1st battalion of the Munster, and the 2nd East Surrey, accompanied by the 11th Hussars from Shorncliffe and two field guns. The fighting was commenced by a cavalry skirmish, in which Colonel Russell's troopers obtained at first an advantage over the 14th Hussars, but the two guns of Brackenbury's drove Russell's cavalry back. These then made a circuit, and charged the guns in flank, and claimed that they captured them before they could be swung round and brought into play. This claim was, however, disallowed by the umpire. Colonel Russell, however, had discovered the position of the defenders, and had learned that they had infantry in position. The London Scottish battalion was, by special order, transferred to the opposite force, to aid Colonel Russell, but their assistance came too late. This concluded the exciting portion of the day's work, and the London Scottish, without waiting for the rest of their brigade to come up, marched straight on into Dover. The Bicycle Corps were up at four o'clock in the morning, and were scouring the country until evening. At a place where they had formed what they called a zareba, one of their number, on a cycle, was sent off with a despatch to announce that they were beleaguered by the enemy's cavalry. The rider was pursued by six troopers. He outrode and distanced four of them, but two were better mounted, and gained so fast upon him as he mounted an ascent that it was evident he would be captured. He leaped from his machine, left it in the road, and took shelter in a wood. His pursuers searched for him, but could not find him; then, thinking that he might be captured, he tore his despatches into small pieces. The troopers at last gave up the search, and he then returned to the road, remounted his machine, and rode back to report the destruction of his despatches.

The other columns marching from Canterbury to Dover were commanded by Colonel Brown, 17th Middlesex, and Colonel Wyld, 2nd Middlesex, and consisted chiefly of London and Middlesex Volunteers. Colonel Stracey, of the Scots Guards, who had the general direction, is entitled to great credit for introducing some very useful and effective features in the experimental organisation of these movements; the employment of selected parties of infantry scouts; the addition of the Cyclist Corps, already adopted in foreign armies; and that of the balloon equipment, drawn by a steam traction-engine, sent from Chatham under the command of Major Templer; some carrier pigeons, belonging to Major Allatt, were used to send messages to the Horse Guards in London. We have not space to describe the whole series of preliminary movements on Saturday, one of which, the attack and defence of Temple Farm, near Whitfield, against an attack by the Artists' Corps, is shown in one of our own Artist's Sketches.

Brilliant weather favoured the Volunteers who were engaged in the grand field-day on Monday. The attacking force was composed entirely of Volunteer regiments; whilst the defending force was made up of artillery and infantry of the Dover garrison and several Volunteer regiments, with cavalry from Shorncliffe. Major-General Montgomery Moore acted as umpire-in-chief. The battle was stubbornly fought upon the hilly ground around Whitfield, three miles from Dover. It had been proposed to choose another ground, which is of much historical and even classical interest. This locality, in the neighbourhood of Ringwould and Martin Mill, has recently been identified by a learned and acute writer, the Rev. Francis Vine, in his very interesting little treatise on "Cæsar in Kent," with the probable site of one of Cæsar's battles in his first expedition to Britain. Here the defending army, led by a native prince called in Latin "Nennius," with horsemen and war-chariots, routed the Roman seventh legion, attacking it by surprise, and was repulsed with difficulty by Cæsar's advance from his camp with the tenth legion. The owners of the land were asked to allow this year's Easter Volunteer Review to be held on the spot, but they made some objection. After the engagement, which was witnessed by large crowds of people, the Volunteers marched past the Commander-in-Chief and a large staff of officers. The Duke of Cambridge, in a general order, records his approbation of the admirable manner in which the operations were carried out, and states that the steadiness and general efficiency displayed reflect great credit upon the Volunteers.

The Volunteer column marching on Eastbourne had a smart engagement last Saturday. About six hundred infantry and artillery of Sussex corps had taken possession of Willingdon Heights. Colonel Hercy, with a much stronger force, chiefly of Surrey battalions, sought to dislodge them from that position. Bicyclists acted as scouts and orderlies. After the fight the Volunteers marched into Eastbourne.

The Volunteers at Aldershot had a hard day's work on Saturday. The Volunteer Medical Staff Corps and the

Woolwich Volunteer Detachment of that branch of the service, combined in drill and movements specially adapted to their duties. On Monday Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Alison paraded all the regular troops and Volunteers at Aldershot, numbering 8000, divided into a Northern force under Major-General Cooper, and a Southern force under Colonel C. E. Hope, who manœuvred against each other. After this there was a march past in the Long Valley.

The metropolitan Volunteers in the forts at Sheerness and at Portsmouth, on Saturday and Monday, were put through drill and practice with some manœuvring; and the 2nd City of London Rifles, under Colonel Cantlow, had an instructive field-day on Epsom Downs.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Easter so far has been dull enough in the way of actual novelty. Holiday audiences have assembled to see plays for the most part well worn, and must wait until London has settled down to work again before any excitement prevails in the theatrical world. True it is a novelty—but not wholly without precedent—to see a pantomime revived on Easter eve, and to mingle the jokes of clown and pantaloon with spring flowers, sunshine, and singing birds; but, apart from that, the theatres have kept on the even course of success, and have now little to do but to sail pleasantly along until the warm summer weather makes playing impossible. A short poetical play by Mr. Robert Buchanan at the Vaudeville, called "A Dark Night's Bridal," does not need any very elaborate comment. It singularly failed in attraction, not so much from want of skill in composition, as from the deplorably modern manner, that, apparently, is resolved to strangle the poetical drama in its birth. Miss Kate Rorke and Mr. Fuller Mellish are both clever artists in their own line, but that line is certainly not imagination or fancy. But how can it be otherwise? The modern young man and the modern young lady have been reared on farcical comedy or realistic drama. They were never trained on Shakespeare or nursed on the elder dramatists. The modern tone, the modern manner, the modern pronunciation, the modern speech, are hopelessly inapplicable to plays of fancy, or to dramas with any flavour of poetry in them. So Mr. Buchanan's play missed its mark, for the audience could not, from the manner in which it was acted, decide if they were seeing a serious drama or a roaring farce, whether it was an imitation of Sheridan Knowles or W. S. Gilbert. Out of half-a-dozen critics, three voted it was a satire and the other three a poem. However, the uncertainty that prevailed concerning the little play does not interfere with the success of "Sophia," which is at once the best acted and the most interesting play to be now seen in London. The Tom Jones of Mr. Leonard Boyne is an excellent performance, thoughtful, well-considered, and picturesque. The young actor is full of fervour, his power and passion are well under control, and there is thought in all his work. When he makes love, he shows the audience that his heart is in his work, and does not seem to say, as so many of his companions do, "Never mind the love-scene, do look and see what a pretty fellow I am." When Mr. Boyne is engaged in a love-scene, he is not posing for a photographer or for a book of beauty, but his thoughts are engaged on the object of his devotion, not on himself. The happy result of such earnestness is that the play goes better than it ever did before. Mr. Thorne's Partridge is another capital performance; and it is a treat to see the bright eyes and natural rustic manner of Miss Forsyth as Molly Seagrim.

It was a safe prophecy to hint that "Held by the Enemy" would soon attract the town. This excellent drama, so human in interest and so fresh in motive, has been played to crowded houses at the Princess's; and it would not be surprising to find that Miss Grace Hawthorne were persuaded to delay her appearance in her own theatre as Theodora in order not to interrupt the successful career of the American drama, which is bound to be as successful in the country as it is in London.

Mr. J. Comyns Carr has a happy knack of providing clever entertainment plays for the German Reeds at St. George's Hall. Of course, it would not do to strain poetry, fancy, and pretty mediævalism too tightly; so, very sensibly, in "The Naturalist" he has gone back to the old plan, and allowed his humour full play. Mr. Alfred Reed, well known now as an excellent comedian, is as amusing as an old beetle collector as he was some months ago as a "Chinaman." The company has received a considerable accession of new talent in the persons of Miss Kate Tulley, Mr. Duncan Young, and Mr. Walter Browne. Mr. Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, as clever as ever, and the ever-green Mr. Corney Grain alone remain out of the old and original company. Mr. Corney Grain's notes on the "Jubilee" are in his very happiest vein, and will delight all visitors to this favourite entertainment until the close of the season.

An excellent entertainment has been arranged for the benefit of the Royal Theatrical Fund, next Thursday morning, at Drury-Lane. Mrs. James Brown Potter will recite; and Mr. William Terriss will, for the first time, play the distressed hero in the little French play, "Marcel"—here called "Tears! Idle Tears!" C. S.

On Monday afternoon the marriage of Sir Francis Knollys, and the Hon. Ardyn Tyrwhitt, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Tyrwhitt, Bart., and the Baroness Berners, was solemnised at St. George's Church, Hanover-square.

Lord Sudeley has announced a reduction of 15 per cent to the agricultural tenants on his Gregynog estates, North Wales. A reduction of 10 per cent has also been made to the tenants on the Brynnyeudd estates, Carnarvonshire.

The fifteenth anniversary festival of the Provident Surgical Appliance Society for the Relief of the Crippled Poor will take place at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday, the 27th inst., Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart., M.P., presiding.

Our Portrait of the late Bishop Titcomb is from a photograph by Messrs. G. Russell and Sons, of South Kensington. We are obliged to Dr. E. A. Hardwicke, of Hatcham, for a photograph of the captain and crew of the Homeward Bound, at St. Michael's.

The weekly entertainment at Brompton Hospital on Tuesday evening was given by Messrs. Carpenter and Westley, the well-known opticians, of Regent-street, and consisted of a Jubilee exhibition of dissolving views in honour of her Majesty Queen Victoria. The pictures were beautifully executed, and were shown by means of the oxy-hydrogen light. They comprised portraits of the Queen, the late Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal family at different periods of life; illustrations of striking events in the present reign; the various Royal residences; eminent statesmen and other celebrities, past and present. The exhibition afforded immense gratification to the patients, nurses, &c., by whom the large room was crowded.—On Easter day the Rev. Francis Byng, Chaplain to the Queen, Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons, &c., preached at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, in aid of the funds of the Brompton Hospital, the collection amounting to £56.

THE COURT.

The Queen arrived from Cannes at Aix-les-Bains on Wednesday morning last week, and was received by several Government officials. Her Majesty drove with Princess Beatrice in an open landau to the Villa Mottet, a detachment of infantry lining the road. In the afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove in the town for two hours. On Thursday the Queen and Princess Beatrice were out twice, the afternoon drive being taken in heavy rain. Her Majesty drove out on Friday morning in her donkey carriage in the immediate neighbourhood of the Villa Mottet, Princess Beatrice accompanying her Majesty on foot. In the afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps, drove along the shore of Lake Bourget. Last Saturday morning the Queen drove out in her donkey carriage in the Marlioz Gardens, Princess Beatrice walking by her side. In the afternoon the Queen received Lady Ely, and afterwards drove out with the Princess. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, accompanied by their suite, attended Divine service on Sunday morning. The Rev. D. L. McAnally and the Rev. Mr. Akhurst, the English chaplain at Montreux, officiated, the sermon being preached by the former. In the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess and the Hon. Harriet Phipps, drove to the Château de Seraz. The Queen and Princess Beatrice took their usual morning drive on Monday in beautiful weather. At two o'clock the band of the 97th Regiment of Infantry played a selection of music in the gardens of the Villa Mottet, under her Majesty's windows. The Dowager Marchioness of Ely visited the Queen after luncheon, and the following officers commanding the Queen's guard were presented to her Majesty by General Ponsonby:—Colonel Massing, 8th Hussars, commanding; Baron Du Bourget, Lieutenant, 6th Dragoons; Duc De Maille, Lieutenant, Chasseurs. A heavy thunderstorm occurred during the day, but in the evening her Majesty and her daughter again went out for a drive. The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out on Tuesday morning, and visited the Maison du Diable, the residence of Lady Whalley. The Princess also took a walk. In the afternoon, her Majesty and the Princess drove to St. Simon and La Fougère.

The confirmation of Princess Maud took place on Thursday week at Sandringham church, in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and her sisters. The preface of the service was read by the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen (who had prepared her Royal Highness for confirmation), and the sacred rite was administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their three daughters, were present on Good Friday morning at Divine service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene in the park. The Rev. F. Hervey, M.A., Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, officiated, and the sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The King of the Belgians, attended by Count D'Oultremont, arrived at Sandringham last Saturday afternoon on a visit to the Prince and Princess. His Majesty was met by his Royal Highness, attended by the Hon. H. Tyrwhitt Wilson, at the Wolferton Station. The Duchess of Albany, accompanied by Princess Alice of Albany and attended by Miss Baillie, also arrived on Saturday. The King of the Belgians, attended by Count D'Oultremont, drove over to King's Lynn on Sunday morning, and attended Divine service at the Roman Catholic church, London-road. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and by the Duchess of Albany, were present at Divine service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene in the morning. The Rev. F. Hervey, M.A., Rector of Sandringham (Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen), officiated and preached. The King of the Belgians left Sandringham on Monday for London, having terminated his visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Albany accompanied the King to Wolferton Station, and there took leave of His Majesty. The Duchess of Albany and Princess Alice of Albany left Sandringham on Tuesday morning for Claremont.

The Hon. J. W. Downer, Premier of South Australia, and one of the delegates from that colony to the Colonial Conference, has been appointed a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

The Easter entertainment for the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern, Waterloo Bridge-road, held every night during Easter week, except Thursday, yielded great attractions. On Thursday, ballad and operatic concerts were given. There will be ballad concerts every Thursday during April.

The annual Midland Counties Conference of Sunday-school Teachers was held on Friday week at Birmingham, and was largely attended. Principal Fairbairn, who presided, and Mr. J. T. Cox, from the London Sunday School Union, read papers, and a discussion followed.

The Rev. Dr. Hymers, Rector of Brandesburton, Yorkshire, and late Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, who died last week, has bequeathed the residue of his property, which, after payment of legacies, is expected to amount to £150,000, to the Mayor and Corporation of Hull, in order to found and endow a grammar school on the model of Birmingham and Dulwich, for the training of intelligence in whatever social rank it may be found.

In the presence of more than a hundred thousand spectators, the new armour-clad war vessel Victoria—described as the heaviest ever successfully floated—was launched last Saturday from the Elswick shipyard of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co. Addressing a gathering subsequently, Sir W. Armstrong expressed his satisfaction at finding that the Admiralty seemed disposed to slacken their expenditure on gigantic vessels and to pay more attention to swift cruisers. He then made an interesting comparison between the new vessel and the Victory, with the view of showing the great change which has taken place in naval architecture.

Exceptionally favourable weather induced vast numbers of people on Monday to spend their Bank Holiday in excursions to seaside resorts and provincial towns of note, while the metropolitan parks, gardens, and places of outdoor entertainment were very largely patronised. The traffic on railways, trams, and omnibuses was very great, and there were crowds of visitors to our national, scientific, and artistic institutions.—A great political demonstration in opposition to the Government Bill for the amendment of the criminal law in Ireland was held in Hyde Park. Huge processions from each populous quarter of London marched upon the ground, and addresses were delivered to the vast assembly from sixteen platforms, a resolution condemning the Ministerial measure being passed simultaneously. It is roughly estimated that over 100,000 persons were present. Among the members of Parliament who took part in the proceedings were Mr. Cremer, Mr. Seale-Hayne, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Broadhurst, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Mr. Conybeare, Mr. W. Redmond, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. G. Howell, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. James Rowlands, and Mr. Cobb. The greatest good order prevailed throughout.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Marriage is going out of fashion! This statement has been made by social observers for some years past, with regard to the middle and upper classes. But now the fact has become so certain and so true of all classes as to have actually passed into the region of our national statistics. The annual return of the Registrar-General, just issued, informs us that the marriage rate of London last year was the lowest on record; and not only that, but the three years immediately preceding the last were the next lowest on the list. In short, the number of marriages in proportion to the population in London has steadily declined, year by year, ever since 1883; and, unless something steps in to arrest the gradual but persistent slide, in thirty years' time or so nobody will get married at all. So far as London is concerned, Queen Elizabeth once issued a proclamation ordering the growth of London to stop. She would have no more houses built, she declared; because the few thousand inhabitants that the metropolis then possessed were as numerous as her Majesty judged it discreet to allow to be gathered together. But even the mighty Tudor's power could not stay the natural growth of London; and "the wen," as the amiable Carlyle was wont to call the heart of the world, has continued to increase. Now it seems as if the growth is at last to be stopped in an equally natural manner. Let the speculative builder tremble! People are leaving off getting married in London; in thirty years London will be peopled entirely with elderly couples, bachelors and spinsters; and self-contained "flats" of four rooms and a kitchen will be in high demand, while "desirable family residences" will be absolutely worthless.

Naturally, the birth-rate is falling, too. It has continuously declined since 1878; and this applies not to London exclusively, but to the twenty-eight great towns which the Registrar-General takes as fairly representing the country at large. The official report puts the result in a dramatic form, by stating that there were fifty thousand fewer children under five years old alive, on the first day of this year, than there would have been had the birth-rate in the last five years been equal to that of the previous ten years. All this is very curious, as throwing light upon our social state. Yet it is difficult to fully and accurately discern its meaning. Is it the young men or the young women of to-day who shirk married life and the responsibilities of a family? And is it "bad times" that are responsible for the unwillingness to encounter family cares, or are the causes diminishing marriage moral and deep-seated social ones, rather than passing and purely material causes? I am not going to try to answer the question in the limited space here at my disposal. Diametrically opposite replies are offered by two thoughtful women—speaking, be it noted, on the general issue, and not to the point of these new revelations of facts from the Registrar-General's office. The writer of an article on the "Position of Women," which appears in the *National Review*, declares that women now are less useful, and therefore less respected and less loved, than they were in earlier generations. On the other hand, that famous social student, the late Harriet Martineau, in a letter lying before me, but written so far back as 1873, expresses her belief that marriages were even then diminishing because women were advancing more rapidly than men. The successful authors and artists, and other highly-educated women, in her judgment, had difficulty in finding men whom they could bring themselves to accept as their husbands, to share their lives and influence their fate. The situation is really a serious one, however it may be explained.

Transparency is a leading note in the bonnets for spring. The transparent shapes, mere net or lace drawn over wire, are not practical in our climate, except for carriage wear. Even in the middle of our summer there are few days on which it is discreet to venture far from home in head-gear that will not afford protection against a sudden cold wind; while for spring a certain warmth is absolutely necessary. The transparency is gained, however, by the use of diaphanous trimmings on more solid shapes. Lace-bordered handkerchiefs, which have been out of fashion for the ball-room and the dinner-table for some years past, have now a new mission found for their services. They can be made to form almost the exclusive trimming of a bonnet. The four points are all drawn upwards, and supported above the crown by means of little loops of the finest white silk covered wire, artfully concealed behind and amidst the folds of the drooping sides of lace. A small bouquet of flowers or a tall loop or two of ribbon may be added to conceal the centre of the handkerchief. One of the smartest new bonnets that I have seen was trimmed with nothing else but a fine Brussels lace handkerchief; the crown was of plaited heliotrope-coloured silk, the sides and brim lining were of the same silk, richly embroidered in a small pattern, with gold and heliotrope floss silks; and the prettily folded Brussels lace square fully sufficed to trim the bonnet where the shape was so much adorned and so handsome. Small squares of silk gauze, or lisso, with the four corners embroidered in self or contrasting tints, are now being made in all colours to match the hue and material of the shape, and are used to plait on the bonnets, together with a few flowers or ribbons, in the same way as the lace handkerchiefs.

Manon shapes with their pointed fronts, capotes with flat brims but very high crowns to support tall trimmings, and modified Princess shapes with rounded raised fronts, are all being made by the best milliners. The very newest styles, however, are the "Directoire" shapes, exactly like those worn early in the present century. The bonnets have big round crowns, standing well up from the top of the head, while the brims are very wide, and stand quite straight up, like tall coronets, above the brows. The trimming inside the brim in these is obviously of the first consequence. It is usually a full gauging of bright-coloured silk; but wreaths of flowers are appearing, and no doubt will grow more and more general if the style succeeds. Hats are, many of them, extremely broad-brimmed, but turned up at one side. Taller hats, the shape a longer variety of the familiar "boat," are all trimmed quite on the top, the bow of ribbon or the centre of the bouquet of flowers being there, while the loops or the trail of the blossoms fall over the front and sides. Leghorn is coming back into high fashion.

The new colours are a shade of pink, something between old rose and coral, and a rather sickly, though somewhat dark, variation of heliotrope. Yellow is seen in an inconceivable variety of shades, from the most delicate "fresh butter" tint to that deep one which is almost red, and which the milliners borrow from Nature's hint on the autumnal foliage, where it is hard to discern what should be called red and what orange. Grey and yellow combine admirably, and the popularity of grey for dresses may account for the variety displayed by its complementing tint.

F. F.-M.

The Sisters of Nazareth acknowledge the receipt of £400 from Mr. A. Kelly, of Broadway, Westminster, towards payment of the debt on the buildings of Nazareth House.

The Commissioners on Historical Manuscripts are at present engaged in examining the large and valuable private collection of muniments belonging to the Duke of Portland, at Welbeck Abbey.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
F. L. (Irvine).—In No. 2240, White's answer to 1. R takes P is 2. B to Kt 3rd (ch); and then, if 2. R takes B, Queen mates at R 8th. If Black play 2. K takes P, White mates by 3. B to Q B sq. This will answer several correspondents.

L. K. (Arcachon).—Thanks. The problem shall be examined.

W. H. K. (Gainsborough).—The answer to 1. R to Q B sq is 2. Q to Q Kt 3rd. Mate.

J. G. (Reims).—See answer to F. L.

A. C. (Glasgow).—We have not a diagram of No. 2239 at hand, but shall refer to the file, and answer your question next week.

W. S. B. (Levée).—We regret we have not space for the very clever verses. Why not send them to one of the magazines?

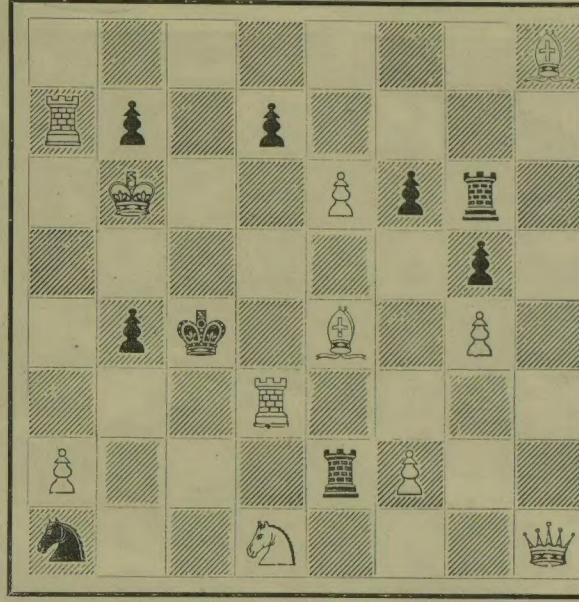
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2233 to 2235 received from O. H. B. (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2239 from the Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of No. 2241 from W. H. D. Henvey and E. J. E. Jesse; of Nos. 2241 to 223 from Emile Frau; of No. 2242 from Columbus, R. J. (Portsmouth), Thomas Latchford, P. R. Gibbs, E. J. Gibbs Junior, F. R. Pickering, E. G. Boys, C. E. P., W. F. Scheele, James Taberner, E. P. (Brussels), Lady Margaret Hackett, and John G. Grant.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2242 to 2245 received from the Rev. Winsfield Cooper, C. E. P., F. F. Pott, J. G. Grant, N. S. Harris, Thomas Latchford, E. F. Fotherstone, Hermit, G. W. Law, B. M. Allen, H. Lucas, H. B. S., E. Casella (Paris), W. Biddle, R. J. Stigles, W. Hillier, H. Wardell, Ben Nevis, Edwin Smith, R. Tweddell, G. Darragh, J. Hall, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharwood, Thomas Chown, North-Bac, Major Richard, Jupiter Junior, R. Worters, Peterhouse, Shadforth, R. H. Brooke, E. H. E. Elshbury, Hereward, George Rodger, C. Oswald, E. Londen, Columbus, Sergeant James Sage, Charles K. Hattersley, E. J. E. Jesse, H. Reeve, Otto Fulder (Ghent), W. H. J. Jack, Trial, R. G. J. W. Frankland, the Rev. J. Gaskin, R. L. Southwell, John Marr, the Rev. R. V. French, W. Heathcote, Mildmay, R. F. N. Banks, L. Desanges, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), T. Roberts, W. L. L., George Joyce, T. G. Ware, W. R. Raileen, Gordon Jackson (R.N.), Joseph Ainsworth, L. Falcon (Antwerp), and Nerina.

PROBLEM NO. 2245.

By E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

OBITUARY.

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

The Most Noble Flora Paulyna Hetty Barbara, Duchess of Norfolk, died at Arundel Castle on the 11th inst., deeply deplored. Her Grace was born Feb. 13, 1854, the elder daughter of Charles Frederick Abney-Hastings, now Lord Donington, by his wife, Edith, Countess of Loudoun in her own right; and was married, Nov. 21, 1877, to Henry Fitzalan Howard, Duke of Norfolk, K.G., Earl Marshal of England, by whom she leaves an only child, Philip Joseph Mary, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, born Sept. 7, 1879.

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES NEWDIGATE NEWDEGATE.

The Right Hon. Charles Newdigate Newdegate, P.C., D.C.L., of Arbury Hall, county Warwick, J.P. and D.L., died at his seat, near Nuneaton, on the 10th inst. He was born July 14, 1816, only son of Mr. Charles Newdigate Parker, of Harefield, Middlesex, who assumed the surname and arms of Newdegate, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of his kinsman Sir Roger Newdigate, LL.D., fifth Baronet of Harefield and Arbury. The gentleman whose death we record was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1837. He entered the House of Commons as Conservative M.P. for North Warwickshire in 1843, and continued to represent that constituency up to 1855. In the following year he was sworn of the Privy Council.

SIR OWEN LANYON.

Colonel Sir William Owen Lanyon, K.C.M.G., C.B., died on the 6th inst., at New York. He was born July 21, 1842, the second surviving son of Sir Charles Lanyon, of The Abbey, county Antrim, by Elizabeth Helen, his wife, daughter of the late Mr. Jacob Owen, architect to the Board of Works in Ireland. He entered the Army in 1860, and attained the rank of Colonel in 1878. In 1865 he was A.D.C. to the General commanding in the West Indies; in 1868 Private Secretary to Sir John Grant, Governor of Jamaica; in 1873-4 A.D.C. to Sir Garnet Wolseley in Ashantie; in 1875 Administrator of Griqualand West, and in 1879 Governor of the Transvaal. During the Egyptian campaign, 1882, he served as Colonel on the Staff and received the Osmaniah Order, the Medal and Egyptian Cross. The decoration of C.M.G. was conferred on him in 1874 for a special mission to the Gold Coast in connection with the abolition of slavery, and that of C.B. in 1878 for his services in command of the volunteer forces, which he led against a Batlapin chieftain, whom he defeated in ten actions. He was also in the Nile expedition, 1884-5. This distinguished officer received three times the thanks of H.M. Government. Sir Owen married, Aug. 2, 1882, Florence, daughter of the late Mr. J. M. Levy, of Grosvenor-street, and was left a widower in the following May.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution held on Thursday, the 7th inst., at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £235 were granted to the crews of life-boats belonging to the institution for services rendered during the past month; also to the crews of shore boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. During the current year the institution has been instrumental, by its life-boats and by other means for which it has granted rewards, in saving 227 lives, in addition to rescuing four vessels from destruction. Payments amounting to £6432 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. New life-boats were sent, during the past month, to Ayr and Church Cove (Lizard); and it was decided to replace the present life-boats at Falmouth, Mullion, Cadgwith, and Arbroath by new boats, possessing all the latest improvements. Reports were read from the chief inspector and the district inspectors of life-boats on their recent visits to life-boat stations.

The post of Hon. Secretary to the French Hospital, filled since its foundation by the late M. Eugène Rimmel, has been accepted by M. Ed. Majolier.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

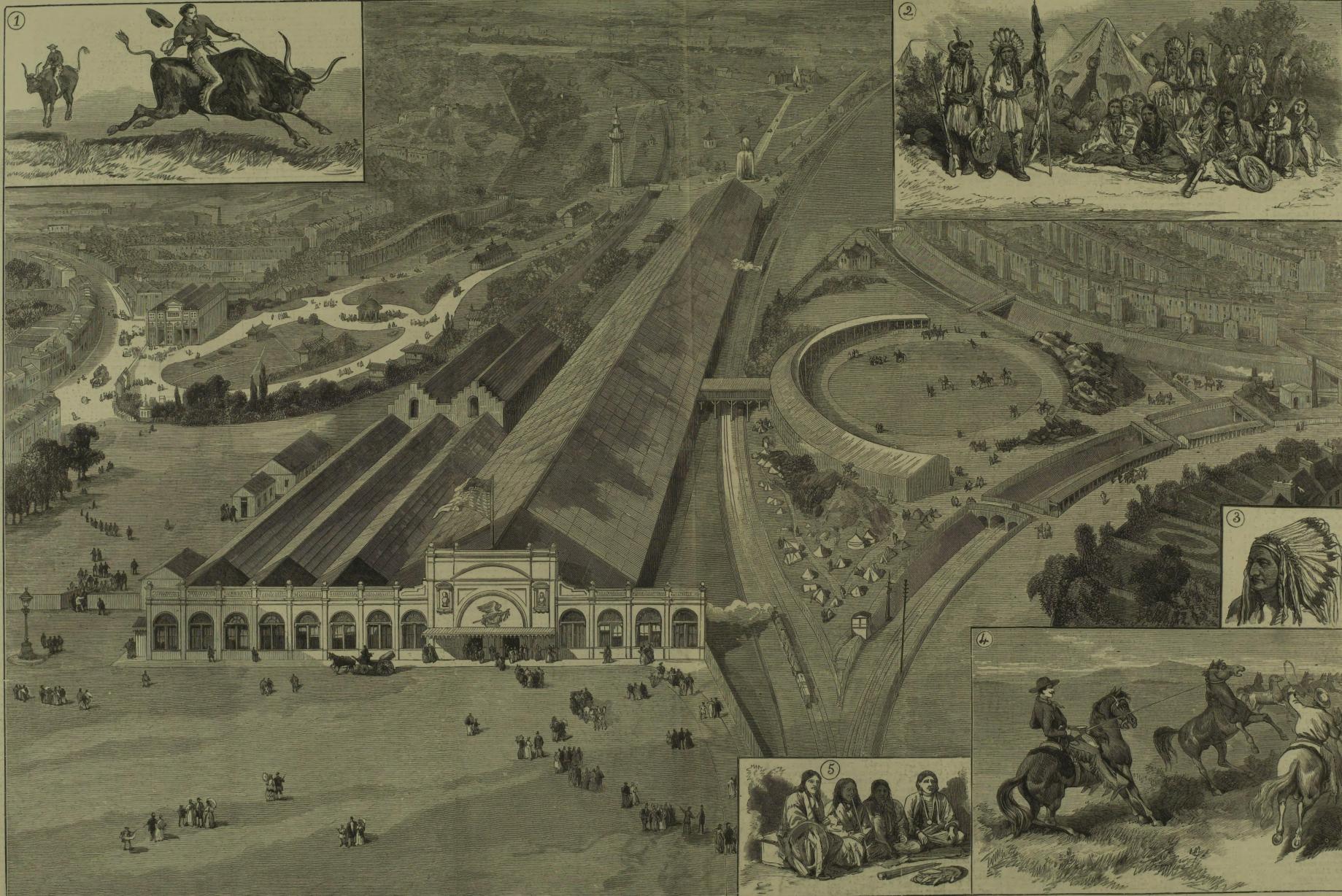
The will (dated Dec. 13, 1884), with a codicil (dated Oct. 7, 1886), of the Right Hon. Henry Edwyn Chandos, Earl of Chesterfield, J.P., D.L., late of Holme Lacy, Herefordshire, who died on Jan. 21 last, at St. Leonards-on-Sea, was proved at the Hereford District Registry on the 8th ult. by the Right Hon. Dorothea, Countess of Chesterfield, the widow, and the Right Hon. Edwyn Francis Scudamore Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Hereford Infirmary; an annuity of £350, and a legacy of £2500 to his wife; the deer in the park at Holme Lacy, his Mary Queen of Scots cameo, and the silver vase presented to him by the citizens of Hereford, to devolve as heirlooms with the mansion house at Holme Lacy; and there are a few other bequests. Portions of £400 are charged on part of his real estate in favour of each of his five younger sons. The Holme Lacy estate he devises to the use of his eldest son, the present Earl, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively according to seniority. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said son, Edwyn Francis Scudamore. He declares that the provision made for his wife and children by his will is in addition to that made for them by settlement.

The will (dated May 29, 1886), with three codicils (dated May 29 and Dec. 1 following), of Mr. William Brough Phillimore, late of No. 7, Hyde Park-gardens, and of Kendalls Hall, Hertfordshire, who died on Feb. 5 last, was proved on the 2nd inst. by Montague Bertie Herbert, Robert Milnes, and Willie Sheldrake, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £367,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 as an additional endowment for the new church at Radlett, Hertfordshire; £300 to the poor of Radlett, Cobden Hill, and Folly, Hertfordshire, to be divided as his executors may think best; £300 to the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton; £200 each to the Ventnor Consumption Hospital, St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park-corner; St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney; University College Hospital, Middlesex Hospital, King's College Hospital, and the Home for Lost Dogs, Battersea; £100 to the National Life-Boat Institution; £40,000 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Phillimore, if she survives him twelve months; £1000, and an annuity of £1500, charged on the family Kensington estate, to his cousin Anna Jane Julia West; £5000 to Mrs. Charlotte Sheldrake; £10,000, upon trust, for each of his wife's nephews and nieces—Anna Charlotte Sheldrake, Willie Sheldrake, Henry James Sheldrake, Edward Nodin Sheldrake, and Ernest Sheldrake; £2000 and an annuity of £100 to his butler, William Henry Keeping, whom he thanks for his devoted services; and numerous and considerable legacies to relatives, executors, late and present servants, and others. The plate and pictures at No. 7, Hyde Park-gardens (with some trifling exceptions) are left to his wife, for life, and then to go as heirlooms with Kendalls; his said residence, with the furniture and the remainder of his effects, to his wife; and a freehold messuage in Bond-street to his cousin Captain William Phillimore, R.A. Kendalls and his Hertfordshire estate he gives to his children, equally, and in default of children he settles the same on his cousin Sir Walter Phillimore, Bart.; the furniture, pictures, plate, and effects at Kendalls are to go as heirlooms therewith. The Kensington family estates he leaves to his wife, for life, and at her death settles them in the same manner as he has settled his Hertfordshire estates. The residue of his real and personal estate he also leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children equally; in default of children he settles such residue on his cousin, the Rev. George Phillimore.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1874) and three codicils of Mr. Christopher Bushell, J.P., late of Hinderton, in the county of Chester, who died on Feb. 18 last, were proved on the 1st inst. by his sons, Charles J. Bushell and Reginald Bushell, and his sons-in-law, James Rankin, M.P., and G. Harris Lea, the executors, the gross value of the personal estate being upwards of £119,750. The testator bequeaths to his wife his carriages, horses, furniture and household effects, and also certain moneys standing to her credit in his private ledger, and he further provides for her by a rent-charge, for life, out of his Hinderton and New Hall estates, and by the income of a capital sum to be set aside out of his residuary estate. He bequeaths to his niece Ellen, the wife of the Venerable Archdeacon Gore, the legacy of £1000 free of duty, and to his other niece the income of £1500 for life. His sculpture, pictures, plate, books, &c., he leaves, in trust, for his wife, for life, with remainder to his children as she may appoint, and in default of appointment for his children equally. He gives his wife the option of occupying for her life his mansion house at Hinderton, in the county of Chester, with the stables, gardens, and land held therewith. His New Hall estate, in the county of Chester, he devises to his eldest son, Charles John, for life, and then to his sons, Reginald, Alfred, Frederick, and Harold, successively, for life, with remainder to his eldest son in tail. The Hinderton estate (after the decease of his wife), and also his property in Liverpool, and all the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves to be divided among his said sons and his daughters, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1886), with three codicils (dated Oct. 21 and Nov. 25 following), of Mrs. Eliza Maria Beaumont, late of Kenwood Park, Sheffield, who died on Dec. 6 last, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry, on the 15th ult., by Thomas Elliott Beaumont, the husband, Miss Annie Moncrieffe Rundle, the sister, the Ven. John Edward Blakeney, D.D., and William Nixon, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £116,000. The testatrix leaves £100 each to the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Sheffield General Infirmary, and the Sheffield Public Hospital and Dispensary; legacies of £500 and £20,000, to her husband, and an annuity of £2000 and Kenwood Park, with the furniture and effects (except some articles specifically bequeathed to her said sister) to him for life; £5000, and a further sum of £5000 upon the death of her husband, upon trust, for her god-daughter, Maud Amelia Wostenholm Rundle; £5000, upon trust, for her aunt Mary Elizabeth Kennedy, for life, and then for her three daughters; £5000, upon trust, for her uncle George Henry Scott, for life, then as to one moiety as he shall appoint, and as to the other moiety for her brother, George Edward Rundle; an annuity of £350 to her sister, Amelia Scott Rundle; and numerous and considerable legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The testatrix also leaves one or two legacies upon the trusts of certain settlements, and exercises various powers of appointment given to her by settlement, and by the will of her late husband George Wostenholm. The residue of her property, real and personal, she leaves to her brother, George Edward Rundle, and her sister, Annie Moncrieffe Rundle, in equal shares.

The Hon. Algernon Follemache has contributed £300 to the Clergy Distress Fund, the Bishop of Nottingham £100, the Bishop of Newcastle £50, the Hon. and Rev. E. V. R. Powys, Dean of Christ Church, and Lady Buchan, £25 each. The fund now amounts to £21,420.



1. LASING WILD STEERS.

2. INDIAN CAMP.

3. INDIAN CHIEF.

4. LASING WILD HORSES.

5. INDIANS.

THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT, WEST BROMPTON, AND WEST KENSINGTON.

THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

It is certainly a novel idea for one nation to hold an Exhibition devoted exclusively to its own arts, inventions, manufactures, products, and resources, upon the soil of another country three thousand miles away. Yet this is exactly what the Americans will do this year in London, and it is an idea worthy of that thorough-going and enterprising people. We frankly and gladly allow that there is a natural and sentimental view of the design which will go far to obtain for it a hearty welcome in England. The progress of the United States, now the largest community of the English race on the face of the earth, though not in political union with Great Britain, yet intimately connected with us by social sympathies, by a common language and literature, by ancestral traditions and many centuries of a common history, by much remaining similarity of civil institutions, laws, morals and manners, by the same forms of religion, by the same attachment to the principles of order and freedom, and by the mutual interchange of benefits in a vast commerce and in the materials and sustenance of their staple industries, is a proper subject of congratulation; for the popular mind, in the United Kingdom, does not regard, and will never be taught to regard, what are styled "Imperial" interests—those of mere political dominion—as equally valuable with the habits and ideas and domestic life of the aggregate of human families belonging to our own race. The greater numerical proportion of these, already exceeding sixty millions, are inhabitants of the great American Republic, while the English-speaking subjects of Queen Victoria number a little above forty-five millions, including those in Canada and Australasia and scattered among the colonial dependencies of this realm. It would be unnatural to deny ourselves the indulgence of a just gratification in seeing what men of our own blood, men of our own mind and disposition, in all essential respects, though tempered and sharpened by more stimulating conditions, with some wider opportunities for exertion, have achieved in raising a wonderful fabric of modern civilisation, and bringing it to the highest prosperity, across the whole breadth of the Western Continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. We feel sure that this sentiment will prevail in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of visitors to the American Exhibition about to be opened at the West End of London, which is a fitting sequel, in our opinion, to last year's Colonial and Indian Exhibition; and we take it kindly of the great kindred people of the United States, that they now send such a magnificent representation to the Fatherland, determined to take some part in celebrating the Jubilee of her Majesty the Queen, who is the political representative of the people of Great Britain and Ireland.

The American Exhibition, of course, has in view also the legitimate aim of stimulating and extending the export trade of the United States, and quickening the flow of capital to America for the development of her internal wealth and resources. Its special purpose is to display, in the Metropolis of Great Britain, the chief market of the world, a more complete collection of the productions of the soil, and of the mines and manufactures of the United States, than has ever yet been shown in England at any International Exhibition; and so to impress the people with a sense of the magnitude and the variety of the industrial resources of that country, and the skill and ingenuity of its artisans, as to extend its foreign commerce. The idea of this Exhibition was conceived about three years ago; after much thought and toil, and the expenditure of many thousands of pounds, at length it assumed a definite shape; and very early next month, with the immense preparations rapidly pushed forward, Londoners and visitors from the country will be able to enjoy the result, in what promises to be one of the greatest, the most original, and most instructive of similar Exhibitions.

The grounds secured at Earl's Court, West Kensington, consist of twenty-three and a half acres, of triangular form, with seven entrances, including three direct from different railway stations, namely the Earl's-Court Station, the West Kensington Station, and the West Brompton Station. The other entrances are in Warwick-road, in North End-road, and two western, in the Lillie-road. It will be seen that the facilities for reaching the grounds are of unusual convenience; and the hearty co-operation of the railway companies who own the land occupied by the Exhibition makes it certain that tickets can be purchased at any station in England direct to the grounds.

The Exhibition will comprise three departments. The first of these, occupying that portion of the grounds nearest West Brompton Station, consists of the main Exhibition building and the annexes, which contain the Art Gallery and the principal restaurant. The main building fronts the Lillie-road, and is close to the West Brompton Station, on the west side. The south elevation is of light-coloured brick and stucco, and contains the Exhibition offices. It is 210 ft. wide, and very graceful and pleasing to the eye. The main court, running north-west from this entrance, is 120 ft. wide and 1260 ft. long. The framework is constructed mainly of railway rails, and is covered with corrugated iron and glass. It is not only very strong, but is at the same time light, airy, and graceful. Only the floor being of wood, it has the additional advantage of being practically fireproof. This is laid out in streets and avenues running at right angles to each other, in the way that American cities are commonly constructed. On the south-west side is the principal restaurant, which is 90 ft. by 224 ft.; and north-west of this is the Art Gallery, 80 ft. by 160 ft. In this main building will be centred the serious interest of the Exhibition. The space could have been disposed of several times over, so numerous have been the applications received. The management has therefore had the opportunity of selecting only the very highest class of exhibits, and those in which America excels. There will be a very large proportion of exhibits of machinery in motion, and of articles in process of manufacture, as "making something" is always attractive to people, a fact which was fully demonstrated by the popularity of the Indian Court at the Exhibition last year. Agricultural machinery will also be a prominent feature, and there will be collections of canned goods, manufacturing jewellery, watches and clocks, and an endless variety of novel and curious products of American ingenuity and invention.

The Art Gallery will contain about one thousand pictures by American artists, and these will afford a good opportunity of judging of the progress in that direction made by Americans since the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876. Interspersed with the pictures in the Art Gallery will be a collection of hunting trophies, brought from America by different sportsmen; Mr. E. North Buxton is at the head of the committee having charge of this interesting collection of hunting trophies.

A large covered bridge, crossing the railway, leads from the main building eastward to the grounds nearest Earl's Court Station, where will be located "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West Exhibition. The preparations for the reception of this unique entertainment have been very extensive: they were made under the supervision of Major J. M. Burke, the general manager of the "Wild West." The track is over one third of a mile in circumference, and within this is the arena. It is

flanked by a grand stand filled with seats and boxes, which will accommodate twenty thousand persons. Standing room under shelter is provided for over ten thousand more, and this, with the spectators in the open, will give a good view of the entertainment to about forty thousand people. A large hill has been thrown up of earth and rocks; and on this, amidst a grove of newly-planted trees, will be the encampment of the Indians, the "cow-boys," and scouts. At the other side of the grounds are extensive stables for the Broncho horses and mules, and a corral for the buffaloes, antelopes, elk, and other wild animals. This remarkable exhibition, the "Wild West," has created a furor in America, and the reason is easy to understand. It is not a circus, nor indeed is it acting at all, in a theatrical sense; but an exact reproduction of daily scenes in frontier life, as experienced and enacted by the very people who now form the "Wild West" Company. It comprises Indian life, "cow-boy" life, Indian fighting and burning Indian villages, lassoing and breaking in wild horses, shooting, feats of strength, and Border athletic games and sports. It could only be possible for such a remarkable undertaking to be carried out by a remarkable man; and the Hon. W. F. Cody, known as "Buffalo Bill," guide, scout, hunter, trapper, Indian fighter, and legislator, is a remarkable man. He is a perfect horseman, an unerring shot, a man of magnificent presence and physique, ignorant of the meaning of fear or fatigue; his life is a history of hairbreadth escapes, and deeds of daring, generosity, and self-sacrifice, which compare very favourably with the chivalric actions of romance, and he has been not inappropriately designated the "Bayard of the Plains."

The third section comprises ornamental gardens and pleasure-grounds, which are approached from the West Kensington Station, from North End-road, and through the main building from West Brompton. They comprise twelve acres laid out in walks, flower gardens, and shrubberies; here are music pavilions, in which Mr. Dan. Godfrey and the band of the Grenadier Guards will give concerts twice daily, in the afternoon and evening; also several pavilions for refreshments, and some for special exhibits. In these gardens a display of American flowers, plants, shrubs, and trees will be made as complete as the London climate will allow.

A great variety of amusements will be provided, including a diorama of the Harbour of New York, designed by M. Bartholdi, the creator of the colossal statue of Liberty, a model of the switch-back railway, roller toboggans, and other appliances, and entertaining spectacles. In the evening, the Exhibition will be lighted by two hundred and fifty electric lights, each of two thousand actual candle-power, and nine huge search lights, each of ten thousand actual candle-power. It is wonderful to think of this picturesque and fairy-like park and buildings, created with magical quickness on a piece of waste land. And what will it be to see it at night, illuminated by lights equal to half a million of candles! The Exhibition will be opened in May, and it is intended to keep it open till Oct. 31. The hours of opening and closing, prices of admission, and the general regulations will be pretty nearly the same as those now familiar to the public at the South Kensington Exhibitions.

The Executive Council of the Association, which manages the finances and controls the business of the Exhibition, consists of the following gentlemen:—Mr. John Robinson Whitley, London, Chairman; Lord Ronald Gower, London; Colonel Henry S. Russell, Boston; Mr. Burnet Landreth, Philadelphia; Mr. John Gilmer Speed, New York; Mr. E. A. Buck, New York; Colonel J. T. Griffin, London; Colonel F. C. Hughes-Hallett, M.P., London; Mr. W. Lee Thornton, of Chislehurst; Mr. V. A. Appling, London; Mr. W. D. Guthrie, New York; and Mr. John Priestman, London. The Advisory Council consists of the following gentlemen, all of them Vice-Presidents of the Exhibition:—Messrs. Norvin Green, New York; Albert Bierstadt, New York; Thomas Cochran, Philadelphia; John Lucas, Philadelphia; N. K. Fairbank, Chicago; George M. Pullman, Chicago; John B. Carson, Chicago; W. T. Coleman, San Francisco; W. H. Thomson, St. Louis; W. Edwards, Cleveland; L. M. Dayton, Cincinnati; John E. Green, Louisville; and Robert W. Furnas, Nebraska.

The officers of the Exhibition are as follows:—Mr. John Robinson Whitley, London, Chairman of the Executive Council, and Director-General of the Exhibition; Colonel Henry S. Russell, of Boston, Chairman of the Board of Direction in the United States; Mr. Burnet Landreth, of Philadelphia, Director; Mr. John Gilmer Speed, of New York, Secretary of the Exhibition; Mr. Frederic C. Penfield, of Hartford, Chief of General Staff; Mr. Rufus M. Smith, of Philadelphia, Chief of Installation; Mr. John Sartain, of Philadelphia, Chief of Department of Fine Arts; Mr. Vincent A. Appling, of London, Secretary of the Association; Mr. John Gibson, of London, Architect; Mr. William Goldring, London, Chief of the Horticultural Department. The burden of the work of organisation and preparation has fallen upon Messrs. Whitley, Landreth, Speed, and Appling; but at this time, when they see their labours bearing such abundant fruit, they are content to have spent three years of their lives in so grand an undertaking.

This account, however, would not be complete without a list of the Commissioners appointed by the Governors of the various States and Territories to represent them at the Exhibition. The following is the list:—Messrs. A. Andrews, of San Francisco, California; Noel May, of Denver, Colorado; P. J. Kinney, of Boise City, Idaho; W. H. Chaplin, of Leavenworth, Kansas; Samuel P. Blanc, of New Orleans, Louisiana; James T. Griffin, of London, England, Louisiana; J. B. Ham, of Lewiston, Maine; J. Thomas Scharf, of Baltimore, Maryland; F. W. Noble, of Detroit, Michigan; John E. Kennedy, of Blatchford, Montana; P. M. Wilson, of Raleigh, North Carolina; J. G. Ditman, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Mark H. Wood, of Barrington Centre, Rhode Island; John B. Mead, of Randolph, Vermont; E. B. Moon, of Richmond, Virginia; A. P. Butler, of Columbia, South Carolina; Thomas P. Stovall, of Atlanta, Georgia; W. F. Cody, of North Platte, Nebraska; W. M. Havener, of Reno, Nevada; W. B. Sloan, of Santa Fé, New Mexico; L. B. McWhirter, of Nashville, Tennessee; S. J. T. Johnson, of Corsicana, Texas; W. S. Taylor, of Burlington, New Jersey; W. D. Washburn, Minnesota; and E. W. Allen, of Portland, Oregon.

On our side, we are happy to state, the organisers of the American Exhibition have been met with friendly and hospitable co-operation by a large body of more than a thousand Englishmen, amongst whom are many noblemen and gentlemen of position and influence, who have formed a council to devise means of giving a signal welcome to our American visitors, and to promote the success of this grand undertaking. Its unique and novel character, with the extraordinary scale on which it is designed, and the energy and capacity of its managers, bid fair to make an almost revolutionary epoch in the history of Great Exhibitions which commenced in 1851; and we heartily desire its success in every way, hoping above all that it will have the good effect of increasing popular acquaintance with that vast country, and with that mighty nation of English race, in the United States of America, whose amazing growth and splendid prosperity should be admired, not with envy, but with pride and gladness, by all classes of people in the British Isles.

"CLEOPATRA."

The subject of Mr. Alma Tadema's picture, which we have engraved, has always been a favourite with poet and painter. The Queen of the East, who could count a Caesar and a Mark Antony among her slaves, seems to have left behind her a memory full of a strange fascination that has cast its glamour over the minds of so many through the centuries that have passed since she ruled and loved and died. That Shakespeare felt that fascination no one who has read his tragedy can doubt, and he has painted for us such a picture of the triumphs, struggles, and despair of Egypt's great Queen, as will preserve her to posterity in all her majesty, beauty, and power. Most painters have chosen to depict Cleopatra in the act of putting an end to that glorious existence for the love of her dead hero, when, in her best attire, her robe of state, and diadem of royalty, she prepares once more "to meet Mark Antony." Mr. Alma Tadema's customary originality has displayed itself in his choice of subject, and, turning aside from the beaten track, he shows us the "Serpent of Old Nile" as she may have often appeared before the entranced gaze of her people on the shores of the Egyptian river. Enthroned in her Royal barge, hung with gorgeous draperies and garlands of flowers, herself wrapped in the regal leopard skin, her sceptre in her hand, surrounded by slaves, musicians, and incense-burners, she makes her Royal progress, saluted by the Roman barge she passes, bearing perhaps Mark Antony himself. In the distance we see the huge Roman Triremes, whose power she proudly, scornfully feels is hers. There is no sign in that serene face of the cruel destiny that is to overtake her, when that haughty head must be bowed to the dust at the feet of the conquering Caesar, at the feet of him whose uncle and adopted father was once her humble slave. No; her thoughts are all happy ones: of brilliant conquests and a glorious and triumphant existence passed with the great conqueror she loves; there is little to make her dream of that terrible day when, deserted by his fleet and army, a fugitive in Alexandria, surrounded by the overpowering forces of Octavius Caesar, Mark Antony, the great Triumvir, the omnipotent general, and, above all, her lover, should in his helplessness and despair fall a victim to self-destruction. And that she, Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, should only by suicide save herself from the overwhelming humiliation of adorning the triumph of her conqueror through the streets of Rome. Surely, the "rare Egyptian" must have looked as Mr. Alma Tadema has imagined her "when she first met Mark Antony" and "pursed up his heart upon the river of Cydnus."

SKETCHES IN BECHUANALAND.

Two years ago, Sir Charles Warren, now Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, who had previously rendered political and military services in South Africa, was sent into the country of the Bechuana tribes, on the western frontier of the Transvaal Dutch Republic, to settle the disputes concerning land claims made by some of the less honest of the Boers, and to put an end to their pretended sovereignty in the districts they called Stellaland and Goshen. His mission was not opposed by the Transvaal Republican Government, and was fulfilled with much ability and success, being supported by a considerable force of military volunteers, from England and from the Cape Colony, amongst whom was our Special Artist, Mr. Julius Price, many of whose Sketches appeared in this Journal. A few remaining Illustrations of that country and its natives of African race are now presented to our readers. The land which they inhabit is a narrow strip of fertile soil, extending northward between the Transvaal and the Kalahari desert, five hundred miles from the seacoast, but of some importance as a commercial route from the Cape Colony to the interior. The people here were divided into two groups—the Batlapis and the Barolongs, ruled by chiefs respectively named Mankoroane and Montsioa, whom their rivals, Massiouw and Moshette, relying on Boer assistance, had sought to depose, which was the origin of Boer claims to certain grants of land. Many of these people had received a certain degree of instruction in Christianity and civilisation from the English missionaries, especially from the Rev. John Mackenzie, who had much influence with them, and whose advice was consulted by the British Government in repeated efforts to settle those disputes. They are quiet and peaceful folk, and we do not expect any further trouble on their account; one of our Artist's Sketches represents a Bechuana religious congregation listening to the missionary preacher on Sunday morning; others show the Kraal or inclosed courtyard attached to the hut of a rich native at Mafeking, the women employed in stripping maize-cobs or fetching water, a girl waiting her turn for the latter errand, and a goat-herd standing upon a rock to espy the movements of the animals under his charge. Like most of the South African nations, they are inclined to pastoral more than agricultural pursuits, and live in a very simple and primitive style, being averse to warlike enterprise, and not having, at any time—like the Zulus and Matabele, on the eastern side of the continent—been formed into a powerful military association, under a conquering King. A more harmless people does not exist, and they are very willing to abide under British protection.

The Duke of Northumberland has offered a site consisting of 3000 square yards for the proposed new infirmary for the borough of Tynemouth. The ground is valued at £1200.

Mr. Goschen, in an address to the Masters of the principal City Companies, appeals to them for aid in support of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching.

The Grocers' Company have made a grant of £100 towards the expenses of the East London Industries Exhibition, which will be opened at the People's Palace in May.

The managers of the Royal Institution have accepted, with expressions of deep regret, Professor Tyndall's resignation of the chair of Natural Philosophy. Professor Tyndall has been nominated for election as honorary Professor, and requested to sit for his bust, to be placed in the house of the Institution.

Sir Edward Watkin, on behalf of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, has offered to pay half the cost of the building, and give an annual subscription of £100 towards establishing a Marine Fish Hatchery at Cleethorpes, Lincolnshire, which the National Fish Culture Association have in hand, owing to a scarcity of many of the best food species of fish in the North Sea being felt, and the necessity of replenishing the fishing-grounds by artificial hatching.

The returns of the Board of Trade show that last month 23,311 emigrants of British origin left the kingdom, as compared with 13,881 in March, 1886. Those leaving last month were 13,433 English, 3037 Scotch, and 6841 Irish; 17,097 went to the United States, 2817 to British North America, 2260 to Australasia, and 1137 to other places. For the past three months the numbers were 28,191 English, 5715 Scotch, and 10,542 Irish, a total of 44,448, as compared with 30,700 in the first three months of 1886. Of these 29,911 went to the United States, 3896 to British North America, 7682 to Australasia, and 2959 to other places.



CLEOPATRA.

FROM THE PICTURE BY L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

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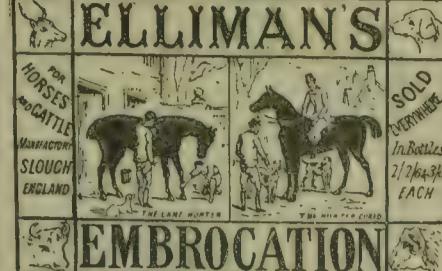


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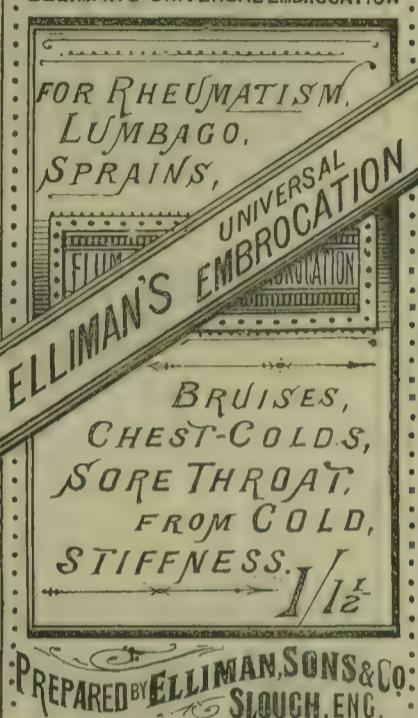
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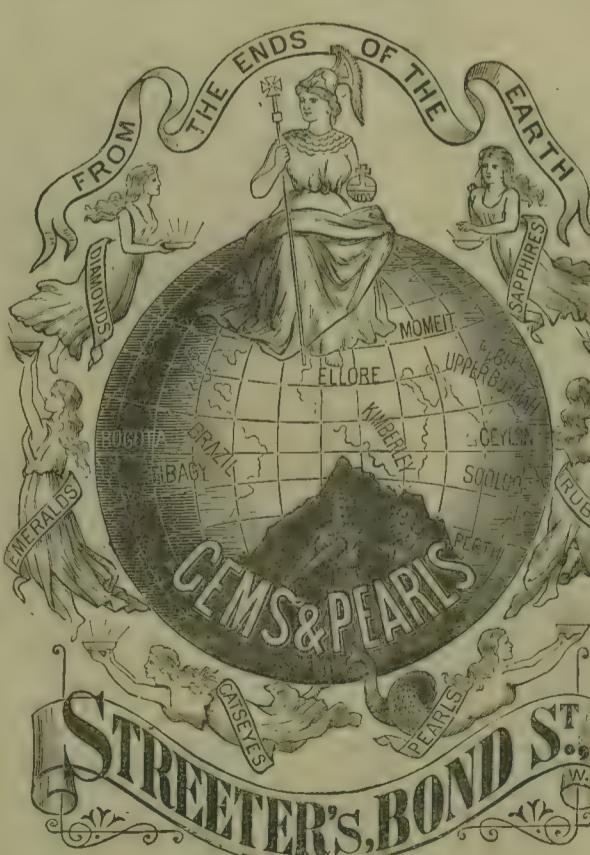
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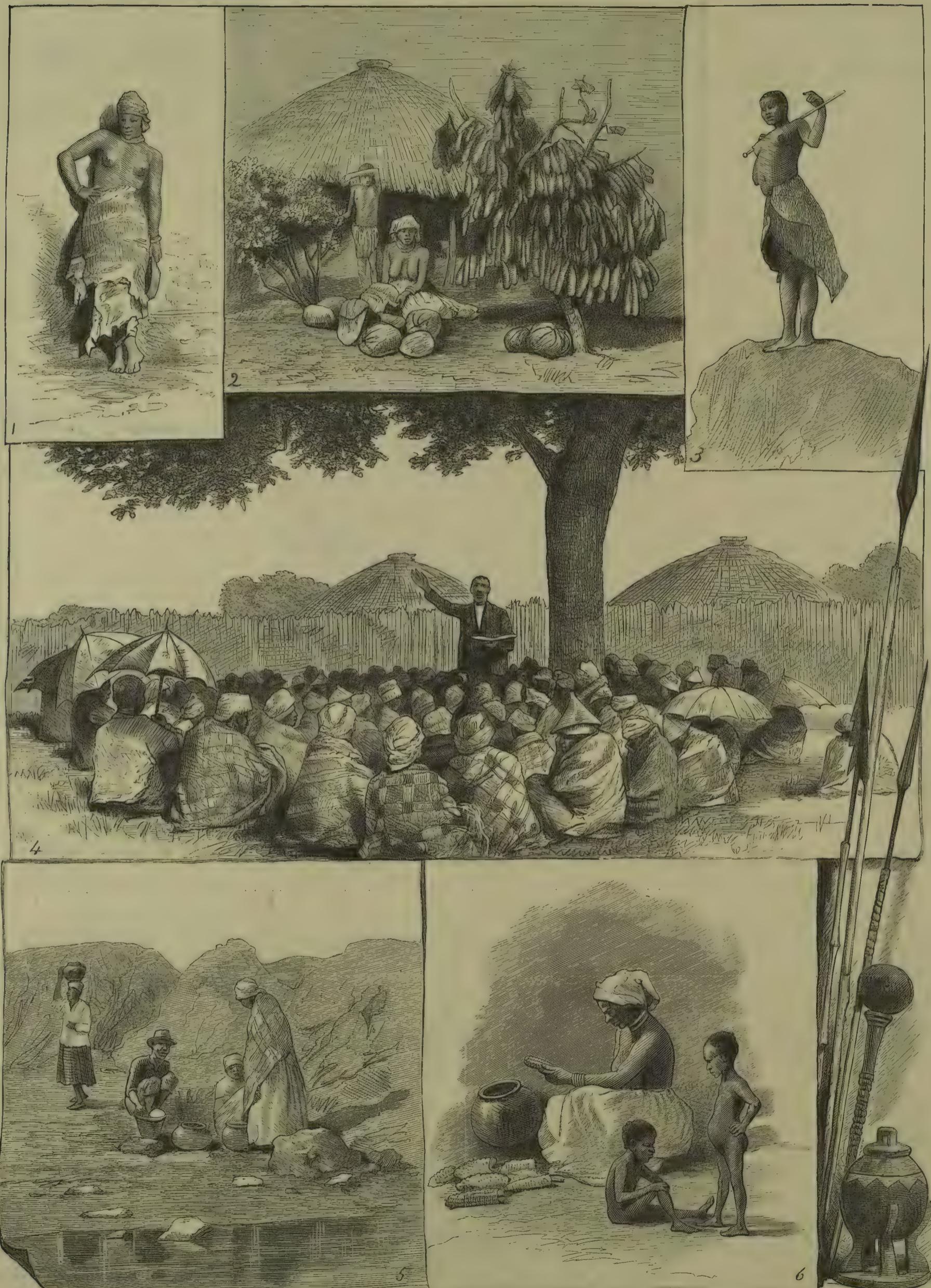
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Vide "Illustrated London News," Dec. 11, 1886.



1. A Barolong girl.
2. Kraal at Mafeking.

3. A Goat-herd.
4. Sunday morning worship at Mafeking.

5. Village gossips at the well.
6. Woman plucking maize.



SIR DINSHAW MANOCKJEE PETIT.
SHERIFF OF BOMBAY.



THE LATE RIGHT REV. J. H. TITCOMB, D.D.,
FORMERLY BISHOP OF RANGOON.

THE LATE BISHOP TITCOMB.

The Right Rev. J. Holt Titcomb, D.D., Honorary Canon of Winchester Cathedral, formerly Bishop of Rangoon, British Burmah, and subsequently coadjutor to the episcopal jurisdiction of the Bishop of London over English churches in Northern and Central Europe, but latterly Vicar of St. Peter's, Brockley, died a fortnight ago, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Bishop Titcomb graduated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, taking his degree in 1841, and spent the early years of his ministry in Ireland. In 1845 he was appointed Vicar of St. Andrew-the-Less, Cambridge, which he vacated fifteen years later on accepting the secretaryship of the Christian Vernacular Education Society. In 1861 he was appointed Vicar of St. Stephen's, South Lambeth. He was Rural Dean of Clapham from 1870 till 1876, and was appointed an Honorary Canon of Winchester in 1874. In 1876 he was appointed Vicar of Woking, and in the following year was consecrated Bishop of Rangoon by the late Archbishop Tait. Five years later Bishop Titcomb returned, and was engaged in superintending the stations of the Established Church of England on the Continent as the deputy of the Bishop of London. A few months since he accepted the vicarage of St. Peter's, Brockley.

He was author of several works, including "Before the Cross; Short Chapters on Buddhism," "Personal Recollections of British Burmah," "Revelation in Progress," "Cautions for Doubters," and "Gladius Ecclesiae; or, Church Lessons for Young Churchmen."

THE PARSEE SHERIFF OF BOMBAY.

The Parsees of Bombay, descendants of an ancient colony of Persian race in that great commercial city of Western India, retaining in all its purity the creed and rites of the venerable Zoroastrian religion, are justly esteemed for their virtues as loyal and well-behaved citizens, and for their intelligence and enterprise in mercantile business, their liberality of sentiment, and the noble acts of munificence and charity performed by some of the richer members of that community. We have much pleasure in giving the Portrait of one of these gentlemen, Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, the Sheriff of Bombay, on whom her Majesty the Queen, Empress of India, has conferred the honour of Knighthood, at the request of Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay, upon the occasion of the recent Jubilee celebration. He was born at Bombay, in 1823, was educated at private schools kept by English teachers, and began life as a clerk in

the firm of Messrs. Derom, Richmond, and Co., under his father, the late Mr. Manockjee Nusserwanjee Petit, who, in addition to being the managing clerk of that house, also traded on his own account with England and China. Mr. Richmond afterwards established a separate firm, with Mr. Dinshaw as his consignment and indent clerk. In 1852 Mr. Richmond gave up business, and his agents, Messrs. Rennie and Clover, of Liverpool, opened a house in Bombay, under the name of Messrs. George Rennie and Co., engaging Mr. Dinshaw's father as their broker, while Mr. Dinshaw looked after their general business. About the same time, Mr. Manockjee Petit also became broker to Messrs. Sillar and Co., whose general business Mr. Dinshaw likewise managed. Some time afterwards, Mr. Manockjee Petit and his sons, uniting their efforts, set up for themselves, going into partnership under the style of Messrs. Manockjee Nusserwanjee Sons and Co. This firm continued until 1864, when the two brothers separated by mutual consent, dividing between them the fortune of twenty-four lakhs of rupees, inherited by them from their father, together with the amount which their own subsequent efforts had enabled them to add to it. Several years before this, Mr. Dinshaw had conceived the happy idea of identifying himself with cotton-mill industry, which he has since worked



ST. PETERSBURG POLICE DISCOVERING A NIHILIST PRINTING-PRESS.

out with conspicuous ability and most successful results. In 1855, he erected, in conjunction with his father, Mr. Manockjee Petit, the Oriental Spinning and Weaving Mill, which had the advantage of weaving cloth in addition to spinning yarn. This venture was such a success, that in 1860 Mr. Dinshaw was induced to erect another mill, and named it the Manockjee Petit Spinning and Weaving Mill, in memory of his father, who had died in the previous year. The investment proved to be so profitable that several cotton mills were started by Mr. Dinshaw, in rapid succession, and he is at present the largest shareholder in six cotton mills—viz., the Manockjee Petit Mill, the Dinshaw Petit Mill, the Mazagon Mill, the Victoria Mill, the Framjee Petit Mill, and the Gordon Mills. Besides spinning and weaving, Mr. Dinshaw has directed his attention to the manufacture of thread, hosiery, and fancy goods, and is the proprietor of an establishment at Mahim for dyeing yarns. There are, at the present day, many cotton mills working in Bombay, but they have all sprung up after the success of Sir Dinshaw's first venture, and he may therefore be justly regarded as the initiator and leader of an industry which has done much towards improving the commercial position and prospects of Bombay. We take these particulars from the *Bombay Gazette* of March 23, which further bears testimony that "during the past few years, there has hardly been a public movement in which Sir Dinshaw's bountiful hand has not made itself felt, and the Jubilee festivities owe much of their splendour to his munificence. His private charities are even more extensive,

and many are the individuals and families, laid low by adverse fate, who have found in him a ready and willing supporter. The list of his charities is too long for reproduction; but it shows the magnificent total of fifteen lakhs of rupees, bestowed by the large-hearted generosity of the man whom the Queen has been pleased to honour, and of whom all Bombay justly feels proud."

THE RUSSIAN NIHILISTS.

The desperate sect of political fanatics in Russia whose avowed object is the destruction of all civil government, social order, property, and religion, borrowing their doctrine of anarchy from the Communists of Paris, find disciples not among the peasantry, but in the wrongly-educated students of Colleges, disappointed candidates for official employment, and disgraced persons who have lost their position in the middle classes of the public service. There is no probability of the "Nihilists" ever being able to excite the masses of the Russian population to a general revolutionary movement, even in the capital, or in any of the few large towns of the Empire; but the murderous plots of assassination to which they resort, and which, having proved fatal six years ago to the late Emperor Alexander II., are renewed with equal pertinacity against the present Emperor, keep the Imperial Court and Government in constant anxiety. It was lately announced that, after the frustration of the attempt against the life of the Czar on the 13th ult., the St. Petersburg police discovered,

in the Poushkarskaia Oulitz, a Nihilist meeting place, in which a secret printing-press and appliances for the manufacture of infernal machines were found. This is the subject of one of our Illustrations. Fifty persons were arrested upon the occasion; but the result of the judicial or police inquiries has not been made public, and we have no further details of the conspiracy beyond those mentioned last week. It is certainly quite unconnected with the agitation of the Muscovite or Panslavist faction, which relies on the Czar, under the influence of the Church, to carry its designs into effect; and there is no cause to believe that any party desirous of Constitutional reforms in Russia, or of the due enlargement of political liberties, would give the slightest countenance to the Nihilist plots.

Major Robert Curtis Stileman, of The Friars, was on Monday unanimously elected Mayor of Winchelsea.

The Edinburgh Corporation on Monday unanimously agreed to confer the freedom of the city on the Marquis of Lothian, the Scotch Secretary of State.

The Council of South Wales University College have received a communication from the Marquis of Bute, through Lord Aberdare and Sir William Lewis, in which the Marquis makes an offer to the college authorities of a site in Cathays Park for the proposed new buildings. Last week Lord Bute presented Cardiff with 100 acres of land, valued at £40,000, for a public park in celebration of the Queen's Jubilee.

DEATHS.

On the 6th inst., at 6, St. Aubyn's-gardens, Hove, Brighton, Edward Hatton, elder son of the late Hon. and Rev. D. H. and Lady Louisa Finch-Hatton, in the 61st year of his age.

On the 4th inst., at Oporto, Emma Octavia, the wife of Francis Curteis Rawes, aged 31 years.

On the 11th inst., at his residence, 212, Lewisham High-road, S.E., John Simson, in his 89th year.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings.

EPSOM RACES, April 19 and 20.—The only route to the Epsom Downs Station on the Race-course, the quickest and best route to the Races is by the BRIGHTON RAILWAY, from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison-road), West-Brompton, Chelsea, Clapham Junction, New Cross, &c.

SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS will run direct to Epsom and Epsom Downs from London Bridge and Victoria (calling at Clapham Junction) from 11.35 a.m. to 1.20 p.m. Returning from Epsom Downs from 4.0 to 5.45 p.m., and from Epsom Town Station from 4.30 to 6 p.m.

Fares to Epsom Town, single, 4s.; return, 7s. 6d.; and to Epsom Downs, single, 4s. 6d.; return, ss.

Cheap Trains at Ordinary 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class Fares, run to Epsom at frequent intervals up to the time the above Special Express Trains commence running.

The Special Express Tickets may be obtained on and from Saturday, April 16, at the above Railway Stations; also at the West-end Booking and Enquiry Offices, 25, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, and these two offices will remain open until Ten p.m. on Monday, April 18, and Tuesday, April 19.

(By order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

FAUST.—LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. FAUST, TO-NIGHT at Eight o'clock. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten till Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

THE BELLS and JINGLE, SATURDAY, APRIL 23 (Sixteen Nights). MATHIAS (his original part), Mr. IRVING; ALFRED JINGLE (his original part), Mr. IRVING.—LYCEUM.

L Y C E U M.—P R O S P E C T I V E ARRANGEMENTS.—In accordance with a promise made, Mr. IRVING begs to announce that the following Plays from the Lyceum Repertoire will be presented during the present Season.—THE BELLS and JINGLE, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, LOUIS XI., MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, OLIVIA, FAUST, From April 23 till May 16 until May 26 (Nine Nights); THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, May 26 until June 9 (Nine Nights); LOUIS XI., June 13 until June 28 (Ten Nights). MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, June 29, OLIVIA. EVERY FRIDAY EVENING will be excepted from these series on which evenings FAUST will be performed until the close of the Season, which will terminate on Saturday, July 16, the last appearance in London of Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum Company until April, 1888.

MATINÉES.—FAUST, April 30 and May 7; THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, June 4 and 11; MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, June 18 and 25; FAUST, July 2. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten till Five. Seats can be booked four weeks in advance, also by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

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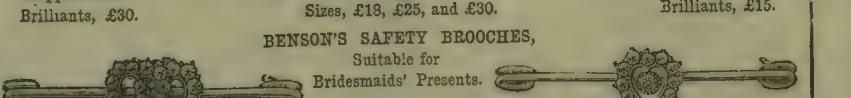
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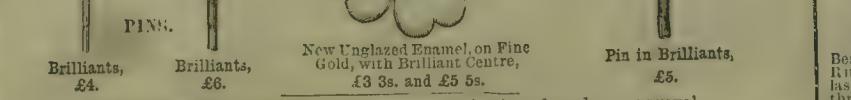
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DRAWN BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

"My will," continued the old man, with a gesture of impiousness, "is the will of the Church."

THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR.* BY BRET HARTE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

PART II.—CHAPTER V.

The earthquake shock, although the first experienced by the Americans, had been a yearly phenomenon to the people of Todos Santos, and was so slight as to leave little impression upon either the low adobe walls of the pueblo or the indolent population. "If it's a provision of Nature for shaking up these Rip Van Winkle Latin races now and then, it's a dead failure as far as Todos Santos is concerned," Crosby had said, with a yawn. "Brace, who's got geology on the brain ever since he struck cinnabar ore, says he isn't sure the Injins aint right when they believe that the Pacific Ocean used to roll straight up to the Presidio, and there wasn't any channel—and that reef of rocks was upheaved in their time. But what's the use of it? it never really waked them up." "Perhaps they're waiting for another kind of earthquake," Winslow had responded sententiously.

In six weeks it had been forgotten except by three people—Miss Keene, James Hurlstone, and Padre Esteban. Since Hurlstone had parted with Miss Keene on that memorable afternoon, he had apparently lapsed into his former reserve. Without seeming to avoid her timid advances, he met her seldom, and then only in the presence of the Padre or Mrs. Markham. Although uneasy at the deprivation of his society, his present shyness did not affect her as it had done at first: she knew it was no longer indifference; she even fancied she understood it from what had been her own feelings. If he no longer raised his eyes to hers as frankly as he had that day, she felt a more delicate pleasure in the consciousness of his lowered eyelids when they met, and the instant that told her when his melancholy glance followed her unobserved. The sex of these lovers—if we may call them so who had never exchanged a word of love—seemed to be changed. It was

Miss Keene who now sought him with a respectful and frank admiration; it was Hurlstone who now tried to avoid it with a feminine dread of reciprocal display. Once she had even adverted to the episode of the cross. They were standing under the arch of the refectory door, waiting for Padre Esteban, and looking towards the sea.

"Do you think we were ever in any real danger, down there, on the shore—that day?" she said timidly.

"No; not from the sea," he replied, looking at her with a half-defiant resolution.

"From what, then?" she asked, with a naïveté that was yet a little conscious.

"Do you remember the children giving you their offerings that day?" he asked abruptly.

"I do," she replied, with smiling eyes.

"Well, it appears that it is the custom for the betrothed couples to come to the cross to exchange their vows. They mistook us for lovers."

All the instinctive delicacy of Miss Keene's womanhood resented the rude infelicity of this speech and the flippant manner of its utterance. She did not blush, but lit her clear eyes calmly to his. "It was an unfortunate mistake," she said, coldly, "the more so as they were your pupils. Ah! here is Father Esteban," she added, with a marked tone of relief, as she crossed over to the priest's side.

When Father Esteban returned to the refectory that evening, Hurlstone was absent. When it grew later, becoming uneasy, the good Father sought him in the garden. At the end of the avenue of pear-trees there was a break in the seawall, and here, with his face to the sea, Hurlstone was leaning gloomily. Father Esteban's tread was noiseless, and he had laid his soft hand on the young man's shoulder before Hurlstone was aware of his presence. He started slightly, his gloomy eyes fell before the priest's.

"My son," said the old man, gravely, "this must go on no longer."

"I don't understand you," he said, coldly.

"Do not try to deceive yourself, nor me: Above all; do

not try to deceive her. Either you are or are not in love with this countrywoman of yours. If you are not, my respect for her and my friendship for you prompts me to save you both from a foolish intimacy that may ripen into a misplaced affection; if you are already in love with her!"

"I have never spoken a word of love to her!" interrupted Hurlstone, quickly. "I have even tried to avoid her since!"

"Since you found that you loved her! Ah, foolish boy! and you think that because the lips speak not, the passions of the heart are stilled! Do you think your silence in her presence is not a protestation, that she, even child as she is, can read, with the cunning of her sex?"

"Well—if I am in love with her, what then?" said Hurlstone; doggedly. "It is no crime to love a pure and simple girl. Am I not free? You yourself, in yonder church, told me!"

"Silence, Diego," said the priest, sternly. "Silence, before you utter the thought that shall disgrace you to speak and me to hear!"

"Forgive me, Father Esteban," said the young man, hurriedly, grasping both hands of the priest. "Forgive me—I am mad—distracted—but I swear to you, I only meant!"

"Hush!" interrupted the priest, more gently. "So; that will do." He stopped, drew out his snuff-box, rapped the lid, and took a pinch of snuff slowly. "We will not recur to that point. Then you have told her the story of your life?"

"No; but I will. She shall know all—everything—before I utter a word of love to her."

"Ah! bueno! muy bueno!" said the Padre, wiping his nose ostentatiously. "Ah! let me see! Then, when we have shown her that we cannot possibly marry her, we will begin to make love to her! Eh, eh! that is the American fashion. Ah, pardon!" he continued, in response to a gesture of protestation from Hurlstone; "I am wrong. It is when we have told her that we cannot marry her as a Protestant, that we will make love as a Catholic. Is that it?"

"Hear me!" said Hurlstone, passionately. "You have saved me from madness and, perhaps, death. Your care—your kindness—your teachings have given me life again. Don't blame me, Father Esteban, if, in casting off my old self, you have given me hopes of a new and fresher life—of"—

"A newer and fresher love, you would say," said the Padre, with a sad smile. "Be it so. You will, at least, do justice to the old priest, when you remember that he never pressed you to take vows that would have prevented this for ever."

"I know it," said Hurlstone, taking the old man's hand. "And you will remember, too, that I was happy and contented before this came upon me. Tell me what I shall do! Be my guide—my friend, Father Esteban! Put me where I was a few months ago—before I learned to love her!"

"Do you mean it, Diego?" said the old man, grasping his hand tightly and fixing his eyes upon him.

"I do."

"Then listen to me, for it is my turn to speak. When, eight months ago, you sought the shelter of that blessed roof, it was for refuge from a woman that had cursed your life. It was given you. You would leave it now to commit an act that would bring another woman, as mad as yourself, clamouring at its doors for protection from you! For what you are proposing to this innocent girl is what you accepted from the older and wickeder woman. You have been cursed because a woman divided for you what was before God an indivisible right; and you, Diego, would now redivide that with another, whom you dare to say you *love!* You would use the opportunity of her helplessness and loneliness here to convince her; you would tempt her with sympathy, for she is unhappy; with companionship, for she has no longer the world to choose from—with everything that should make her sacred from your pursuit."

"Enough," said Hurlstone, hoarsely; "say no more. Only I implore you tell me what to do now to save her. I will—if you tell me to do it—leave her for ever."

"Why should you go?" said the priest, quietly. "Her absence will be sufficient."

"Her absence?" echoed Hurlstone.

"Hers alone. The conditions that brought you here are unchanged. You are still in need of an asylum from the world and the wife you have repudiated. Why should you abandon it? For the girl, there is no cause why she should remain—beyond yourself. She has a brother whom she loves—who wants her—who has the right to claim her at any time. She will go to him."

"But how?"

"That has been my secret, and will be my sacrifice to you, Diego, my son! I have foreseen all this; I have expected it from the day that girl sent you her woman's message; that was half a challenge, from her school—I have known it from the day you walked together on the seashore. I was blind before that—for I am weak in my way, too, and I had dreamed of other things. God has willed it otherwise." He paused, and returning the pressure of Hurlstone's hand, went on, "My secret and my sacrifice for you is this. For the last two hundred years the Church has had a secret and trusty messenger from the See at Guadalajara—in a ship that touches here for a few hours only every three years. Her arrival and departure is known only to myself and my brothers of the Council. By this wisdom and the provision of God the integrity of the Holy Church and the conversion of the heathen have been maintained without interruption and interference. You know now, my son, why your comrades were placed under surveillance; why it was necessary that the people should believe in a political conspiracy among yourselves rather than the facts as they existed, which might have bred a dangerous curiosity among them. I have given you our secret, Diego—that is but a part of my sacrifice. When that ship arrives, and she is expected daily, I will secretly place Miss Keene and her friend on board, with explanatory letters to the Archbishop, and she will be assisted to rejoin her brother. It will be against the wishes of the Council, but my will," continued the old man, with a gesture of imperiousness, "is the will of the Church, and the law that overrides all."

He had stopped with a strange fire in his eyes. It still continued to burn as he went on rapidly. "You will understand the sacrifice I am making in telling you this, when you know that I could have done all that I propose without your leave or hindrance. Yes, Diego; I had but to stretch out my hand thus, and that foolish fire-brand of a heretic *muchacha* would have vanished from Todos Santos for ever. I could have left you in your fool's paradise, and one morning you would have found her gone. I should have condoled with you, and consoled you, and you would have forgotten her as you did the other. I should not have hesitated; it is the right of the Church through all time to break those carnal ties without heed of the suffering flesh, and I ought to have done so. This, and this alone, would have been worthy of Las Casas and Juniper Serra! But I am weak and old—I am no longer fit for His work. Far better that the ship which takes her away should bring back a successor more worthy than I." He stopped, his eyes dimmed, he buried his face in his hands.

"You have done right, Father Esteban," said Hurlstone, gently putting his arm around the priest's shoulders, "and I swear to you your secret is as safe as if you had never revealed it to me. Perhaps," he added with a sigh, "I should have been happier if I had not known it—if she had passed out of my life as mysteriously as she had entered it; but you will try to accept my sacrifice as some return for yours. I shall see her no more."

"But will you swear it?" said the priest, eagerly. "Will you swear that you will not even seek her to say farewell; for in that moment the wretched girl may shake your resolution?"

"I shall not see her," repeated the young man, slowly.

"But if she asks an interview," persisted the priest, "on the pretence of having your advice?"

"She will not," returned Hurlstone, with a half-bitter recollection of their last parting. "You do not know her pride."

"Perhaps," said the priest, musingly. "But I have your word, Diego. And now let us return to the Mission, for there is much to prepare and you shall assist me."

Meantime, Hurlstone was only half-right in his estimate of Miss Keene's feelings, although the result was the same. The first shock to her delicacy in his abrupt speech, had been succeeded by a renewal of her uneasiness concerning his past life or history. While she would, in her unselfish attachment for him, have undoubtedly accepted any explanation he might have chosen to give her, his continued reserve and avoidance of her, left full scope to her imaginings. Rejecting any hypothesis of his history, except that of some unfortunate love episode, she began to think that perhaps he still loved this nameless woman. Had anything occurred to renew his affection? It was impossible, in their isolated condition, that he would hear from her—but perhaps the priest might have been a confidant of his past and had recalled the old affection in rivalry of her? Or had she herself been unfortunate through any idle word to reopen the wound? Had there been any suggestion?—she checked herself suddenly at a thought that numbed and chilled her!—perhaps that happy hour at the cross might have reminded him of some episode with another?

That was the real significance of his rude speech. With this first taste of the poison of jealousy upon her virgin lips she seized the cup and drank it eagerly. Ah, well—he should keep his blissful recollections of the past undisturbed by her. Perhaps he might even see though she had no past—that her present life might be as disturbing to him! She recalled, with a foolish pleasure, his solitary faint sneer at the devotion of the Commander's secretary. Why shouldn't she, hereafter, encourage that devotion and that sneer from this complacently beloved Mr. Hurlstone? Why should he be so assured of her past? The fair and gentle reader who may be shocked at this revelation of Eleanor Keene's character, will remember that she has not been recorded as an angel in these pages—but as a very human, honest, inexperienced girl, for the first time struggling with the most diplomatic, Machiavellian, and hypocritical of all the passions.

In pursuance of this new resolution she determined to accept an invitation from Mrs. Markham to accompany her and the Commander to a reception at the Alcalde's house—the happy secretary being of the party. Mrs. Markham, who was under promise to the Comandante not to reveal his plan for the escape of herself and Miss Keene until the arrival of the expected transport, had paid little attention to the late vagaries of her friend, and had contented herself by once saying, with a marked emphasis, that the more free they kept themselves from any entanglements with other people the more prepared they would be for a change.

"Perhaps it's just as well not to be too free even with those Jesuits over at the Mission. Your brother, you know, might not like it."

"*Those Jesuits!*" repeated Miss Keene, indignantly. "Father Esteban, to begin with, is a Franciscan, and Mr. Hurlstone is as orthodox as you or I."

"Don't be too sure of that, my dear," returned Mrs. Markham, sententiously. "Heaven only knows what disguises they assume. Why, Hurlstone and the priest are already as thick as two peas; and you can't make me believe they didn't know of each other before we came here. He was the first one ashore, you remember, before the mutiny; and where did he turn up?—at the Mission, of course! And have you forgotten that sleep-walking affair—all Jesuitical! Why, poor dear Markham used to say we were surrounded by ramifications of that society—everywhere. The very waiter at your hotel table might belong to the Order."

The hour of the siesta was just past, and the corridor and gardens of the Alcalde's house were grouped with friends and acquaintances as the party from the Presidio entered. Mrs. Brimmer, who had apparently effected a temporary compromise with her late instincts of propriety, was still doing the honours of the Alcalde's house, and had once more assumed the Mexican dishabille, even to the slight exposure of her small feet, stockingless, in white satin slippers. The presence of the Comandante and his secretary guaranteed the two ladies of their party a reception at least faultless in form and respect, whatever may have been the secret feelings of the hostess and her friends. The Alcalde received Mrs. Markham and Miss Keene with unruffled courtesy, and conducted them to the place of honour beside him.

As Eleanor Keene, slightly flushed and beautiful in her unwonted nervous excitement, took her seat, a flutter went around the corridor, and, with the single exception of Doña Isabel, an almost imperceptible drawing together of the other ladies, in offensive alliance. Miss Keene had never abandoned her own style of dress; and that afternoon her delicate and closely-fitting white muslin, gathered in at the waist with a broad blue belt of ribbon, seemed to accentuate somewhat unflatteringly the tropical *négligé* of Mrs. Brimmer and Miss Chubb. Brace, who was in attendance, with Crosby, on the two Ramírez girls, could not help being uneasily conscious of this, in addition to the awkwardness of meeting Miss Keene after the transfer of his affections elsewhere. Nor was his embarrassment relieved by Crosby's confidences to him, in a half-audible whisper:

"I say, old man, after all, the regular straight-out American style lays over all their foreign flops and fandoodles. I wonder what old Brimmer would say to his wife's full-dress night-gown?—eh?" But at this moment the long-drawn, slightly stridulous utterances of Mrs. Brimmer rose through the other greetings like a lazy east wind:

"I shall never forgive the Commander for making the Presidio so attractive to you, dear Miss Keene, that you cannot really find time to see your own countrymen. Though, of course, you're not to blame for not coming to see two frights as we must look—not having been educated to be able to do up our dresses in that faultless style—and perhaps not having the entire control over an establishment like you; yet, I suppose that, even if the Alcalde did give us *carte blanche* of the laundry here, we couldn't do it, unaided even by Mrs. Markham. Yes, dear; you must let me compliment you on your skill, and the way you make things last. As for me and Miss Chubb, we've only found our things fit to be given away to the poor of the Mission. But I suppose even that charity would look as shabby to you as our clothes, in comparison with the really good missionary work you and Mr. Hurlstone—or is it Mr. Brace? I always confound your admirers, my dear—are doing now. At least, so says that good Father Esteban."

But with the exception of the Alcalde and Miss Chubb, Mrs. Brimmer's words fell on unheeding ears, and Miss Keene did not prejudice the triumph of her own superior attractions by seeming to notice Mrs. Brimmer's innuendo. She answered briefly, and entered into lively conversation with Crosby and the secretary, holding the hand of Doña Isabel in her own, as if to assure her that she was guiltless of any design against her former admirer. This was quite unnecessary, as the gentle Isabel, after bidding Brace, with a rap on the knuckles, to "go and play," contented herself with curling up like a kitten beside Miss Keene, and left that gentleman to wander somewhat aimlessly in the patio.

Nevertheless, Miss Keene, whose eyes and ears were nervously alert, and who had indulged a faint hope of meeting Padre Esteban, and hearing news of Hurlstone, glanced from time to time towards the entrance of the patio. A singular presentiment that some outcome of this present visit would determine her relations with Hurlstone had already possessed her. Consequently she was conscious, before it had attracted the attention of the others, of some vague stirring in the plaza beyond. Suddenly the clatter of hoofs was heard before the gateway. There was a moment's pause of dismounting, a gruff order given in Spanish, and the next moment three strangers entered the patio.

They were dressed in red shirts, their white trousers tucked in high boots, and wore slouched hats. They were so travel-stained, dusty, and unshaven, that their features were barely distinguishable. One, who appeared to be the spokesman of the party, cast a perfunctory glance around the corridor, and, in fluent Spanish, began with the mechanical air of a man repeating some formula:

"We are the bearers of a despatch to the Comandante of Todos Santos from the Governor of Mazatlán. The officer and the escort who came with us are outside the gate. We have been told that the Comandante is in this house. The case is urgent, or we would not intrude!"

He was stopped by the voice of Mrs. Markham, from the corridor, "Well, I don't understand Spanish much—I may be a fool, or crazy, or perhaps both—but if that isn't James Markham's voice, I'll bet a cooky!"

The three strangers turned quickly toward the corridor. The next moment, the youngest of their party advanced eagerly towards Miss Keene, who had arisen with a half-frightened joy, and with the cry of "Why, it's Nell!" ran towards her. The third man came slowly forward as Mrs. Brimmer slipped hastily from the hammock and stood erect.

"In the name of goodness, Barbara!" said Mr. Brimmer, closing upon her, in a slow, portentous whisper, "where are your stockings?"

(To be continued.)

THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

The *Cornhill Magazine* parts, this month, with its good story, "*Jess*," which, in spite of all the criticisms that can be made, has well filled the place of leading fiction. The catastrophe, however, though not without power, seems somewhat hurried; and the impression that the author was fatigued is increased by the interpolation of the mysterious verses for which Mr. Haggard has already been called to account. "*The Gaverocks*" is spirited, but seems the kind of fiction which Mr. Baring Gould could produce to order to any amount. The two short tales are both of the wild and eerie class, relating, respectively, the deliverance of a convict endowed with enormous will-power, and Abdullah's fight with the "Red Devil," a ferocious but deeply-injured camel.

The Laureate having taken himself to rhythmical prose, his poetical mantle has been appropriated by Mr. Lewis Morris, who imitates his style not unskilfully in a Jubilee Ode in *Murray's Magazine*. We do not expect many better compositions on this theme, and we hope there may be none worse. The scraps from Lord Robert Seymour's diary 1788 are entertaining from their artlessness, and their contrast to present manners in several aspects. Mr. Andrew Lang's "*Dead Wife*" and Sir J. Drummond Hay's reminiscences are amusing, and Mr. Carl Rosa's paper on the opera, and the Duke of Beaufort's report on the prospects of fox-hunting, possess interest for important classes of readers. On the whole, however, the magazine does not display the literary quality that might be expected from the position of its publisher. Neither would *Longman's Magazine* but for Mr. Stevenson's "*Pastoral*," which is distinguished by his usual beauty of style. Miss Nesbit's poem is not up to her usual mark; but Mr. Watkins's "*Little Selborne*" is a charming description of a Herefordshire parish.

The most interesting contribution to the *English Illustrated* is, undoubtedly, the correspondence of Sheridan and Miss Linley, if it be genuine. The doubts that have been expressed can easily be refuted or confirmed by a scrutiny of the MSS. We can discover no internal evidence unfavourable to their genuineness, unless it be making the weak rhyme "luxury" precede the strong rhyme "me," an unusual license in verse of the eighteenth century. Mrs. Craik's tour in the North of Ireland is not only picturesque, but contains some very sound observations on Irish affairs.

Of Lord Tennyson's Jubilee ode in *Macmillan* we will only say that the Laureate should not have paid Walt Whitman the compliment of imitating him, unless he could have paid him the compliment of imitating him better. Mr. Hardy's "*Woodlanders*" is concluded with the same truthful and exquisite pathos which has characterised it throughout. Mr. J. D. Rees takes a more favourable view than usual of the condition and prospects of Persia, and Mr. Saintsbury contributes a remarkably just appreciation of the critical genius of Hazlitt.

By much the most interesting contribution to any of the magazines of this month is the collection of Thackeray's letters to Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield, published in *Scribner*. Admirable as letters, they have a great additional interest from their perfect correspondence with the character of the writer. Thoroughly artless and unstudied, they depict him to the very life; it is as though Michael Angelo Titmarsh had returned to the world. The more important of the other papers is Mr. Washburne's account of the downfall of the Paris Commune.

"Sarracinesca," in *Blackwood*, is concluded and not concluded, for a continuation is promised, which will be awaited with expectation. The rest of the number is singularly uninteresting.

The conversion of the *Westminster Review*, after sixty-three years of quarterly publication, into a monthly magazine, which will continue to be issued by Messrs. Trübner and Co., is a judicious accommodation to more prompt and expeditious habits of current literary discussion at the present time. The first number of the new series, for April, contains several articles dealing vigorously, and in a decisive tone, with questions of immediate practical interest; those of English control of Egypt, the scheme of the Imperial Institute, and the Bulgarian national struggle, being handled freely and boldly, offering suggestions not likely, in our judgment, to gain unqualified assent, but worthy of serious reflection. Of strictly political subjects, "*Home Rule*" is treated favourably, from a speculative point of view; and Mr. Schnadhorst's career as a Liberal party organiser is narrated with much commendation. This number has no essays on theological or purely philosophical topics. The articles are not signed by the authors.

The most important contribution to the *Fortnightly Review* is an addition to the remarkable series treating of the political situation of the chief European peoples. Austria is the subject, and the writer's opinion is not favourable. She can only escape destruction, he thinks, by renouncing the advance to Salónica, and submitting to allow the Slavonians equal autonomy with the Hungarians. The only other articles of interest are the conclusion of Miss Robinson's excellent memoir of Valentine Visconti and Sir John Adye's somewhat reassuring article on the condition of the British Army.

The leading article in the *Nineteenth Century* is a smart reply from Professor Huxley to the Duke of Argyll, chiefly in defence of the uniformitarian geology of Sir Charles Lyell. Mr. Traill's "*Act for the Suspension of Parliament*" is a vision of the future, which some may think that Parliament is doing its best to make a reality. Mr. Armstrong's "*Nineteenth Century School in Art*" holds up Constable as the English artist whose work has been chiefly influential in his own and foreign schools; and Mr. Matthew Arnold, noticing a recently-translated work attributed to Tauler, points out how the decay of mythology encourages mysticism.

The *National Review* has only one article of great interest, but it is a fine one—Mr. Oxenham's sketch of Madame De Maintenon. There are several curious particulars in Mr. J. T. Bent's account of the myths of the modern Greeks.

The two most important articles in the *Contemporary Review* are on theological subjects. Next are to be placed Mr. R. L. Stevenson's expression of scepticism as to the beneficial effects of the logical development of State Socialism, and Vernon Lee's brilliant but not very close analysis of the

imaginative art of the Renaissance. Señor Castelar's "Call of Savonarola" is an even more eloquent piece of rhetoric, but rhetoric and nothing more.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has a very interesting account, by Mr. Edmund Kirke, of Colonel Jaques's secret negotiations with the Confederacy; and an able and impartial estimate of the singular character of General McClellan, as revealed in his recent memoirs. *Harper's Magazine* gratifies the taste of Americans for everything Parisian by an excellently written and capitally illustrated paper from the pen of Mr. Theodore Child on the *Comédie Française*, which will make readers thoroughly at home with that great national institution. The picturesque scenery of South-Eastern Tennessee is beautifully illustrated in another paper, where the prediction is made that Chattanooga will soon be the metropolis of the Central South and the iron emporium of the whole country. The far different fame of Chattanooga in the Civil War is set forth in General Hill's paper in the *Century*, where the biography of President Lincoln is continued; Mr. Eggleston writes an excellent article on "Church and Meeting-house before the Revolution"; and Mr. Pennell illustrates Canterbury Cathedral in his best style. *Lippincott's Magazine* has a hundred-page story by Edgar Fawcett, leaving the reader his choice between lunacy and the supernatural. There are also a spirited ballad by Miss Margaret Preston and a pathetic sonnet by the late Philip Bourke Marston. The *Forum* contains well-written articles on many subjects.

Mr. Whistler, who is at present attracting the attention of the art world as the presiding genius of the Society of British Artists, has furnished the *Art Journal* for April with a theme which is treated in a spirit of the fullest sympathy with the famous author of "Arrangements" and "Nocturnes." The article is illustrated with some of Mr. Whistler's pictures, which, however, are unsuited to wood-engraving, unless produced with a care and finish which seem unattainable under the ordinary conditions of periodical publication. Mr. David Hannay continues his interesting papers descriptive of Sir Walter Scott's country, but it is a pity that Mr. MacWhirter's illustrations are so black. "Roslin's Rocky Glen" does no sort of justice to that picturesque spot. There is an illustrated article on Hugo Kauffmann, the humourist painter of Bavaria, which is another instance of the good service rendered to the stay-at-home art-lover by making known to him the works of foreign artists. The frontispiece to the number is an excellent photogravure, entitled "Curiosity," by Ludwig Possini.

Among the interesting contents of the *Magazine of Art* the most attractive is, perhaps, the article on Randolph Caldecott, with six illustrations from original drawings by the artist. In "Glimpses of Artist Life" we have an amusing account, illustrated by Walter Wilson, of the trials and troubles of the "Hanging Committee." The Vandyke Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery receives an appreciative record, in a capitally illustrated article. There is an excellent etching—"Under the Charm"—by way of frontispiece to the number.

The contents of *Temple Bar* are of unusually varied excellence. "A Village Tragedy" is powerful and photographic, but, of course, painful. Tolstoi's "Pilgrims," translated by Miss Venning, is, on the contrary, remarkably pleasant for a Russian story. There are also a good review of "The Greville Memoirs," a defence of modern innovations in whist, and an account of the contributors to Taylor and Heney's London magazine. The *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Belgravia* are readable, but have no contributions of special distinction. *London Society*, enlarged by its present proprietors, Messrs. J. V. White and Co., commences a novel by Mrs. Alexander, and has contributions by Mrs. Linton and "Violet Fane." *Time* has a good political article from a Liberal-Unionist, and an exciting tale, "In the House with Galt."

We have also received Cassell's Family Magazine, The Quiver, Cassell's Saturday Journal, Picturesque Europe, Good Words, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, Household Words, The Red Dragon, Army and Navy Magazine, Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, Moniteur de la Mode, Ladies' Treasury, Ladies' World, Le Follet, Weldon's Ladies' Journal, Loose Rein, Fore's Sporting Notes, Argosy, Leisure Hour, Indian Magazine, United Service Magazine, Army and Navy Gazette, The Theatre, Illustrations, Part VI. of History of the Duchy of Lancaster, Monthly Chronicle of North-Country Lore and Legend, Part II. of the Life of Christ, by Dr. Farrar; Part XI. of John Leech's Life-Pictures from Punch, No. V. of A'Beckett's Comic Blackstone, No. III. of Sylvan Spring, by J. G. Heath; Eastward Ho, Little Folks, Christian World Magazine, Harper's Young People, St. Nicholas, Every Girl's Magazine, Girl's Own Paper, Boy's Own Paper, Sunday at Home, Sunday Magazine, and others.

Major-General A. W. Drayson, the author of a book beloved by boys, "Tales of the Outspan," and also of works well known in the military profession, has now published his *Experiences of a Woolwich Professor* (Chapman and Hall). The writer has strong opinions on various matters connected with education, and after fifteen years passed at the Royal Military Academy, is justified in expressing them. On the cramming system his trumpet has no uncertain sound, and he observes that there are many men who by this process and "pure hard work" can pass examinations in a satisfactory manner, "but whose mental capacity to employ common sense and judgment is very feeble." The knowledge of those "obsolete languages," Latin and Greek, is, in Major Drayson's judgment, a mere waste of time for a soldier or practical man. Speaking from experience, he has never found any practical use of the classics; but "for my French and German," he adds, "I have found almost daily use." Not a word has the writer to say of the foundation thus laid for other knowledge; but we entirely agree with him that for an officer in India it is greatly more important, from a practical point of view, to understand Hindustani than Greek. We differ from the writer in his opinion that any man who can learn quickly a piece of poetry could acquire a language rapidly. He asserts that the mental exertion is the same in both cases. We do not think so. Poetry has in its favour charm of rhythm and beauty of thought, so that ear and heart are won, and the memory is but slightly taxed. The acquisition of a language, on the contrary, in the early stages of the pursuit, is to most people sheer drudgery, since the memory has to acquire words apart from ideas. There is much interest in the author's early experience in South Africa, and in his remarks about the uselessness in the military life there of the scientific knowledge of the profession acquired at Woolwich. In a measure, this seems inevitable. No kind of training can impart the special knowledge needed by a British soldier who at one time may be among Zulus and at another time fighting in India. The want of practical experience in warfare with savages was fatally exhibited at Isandula and in the death of the Prince Imperial. "During three years," Major Drayson writes, "I lived almost entirely with the Zulus, and I do not believe that any Zulu boy ever would have committed such absurd acts of folly as led to these two disasters; yet none of these boys had ever passed through the Staff College or the Academy."

FUN.

Time wipes out from those curious picture-books, our brains, many carefully-painted representations of most important things, and leaves untouched little sketches of the merest trifles which the artist never dreamed of preserving. Thus have I forgotten many ineffable raptures and tragic agonies, while I recollect vividly a comic ballet I once saw at Drury Lane.

It was, in reality, a pantomime of the ancient kind: not a word was spoken, the characters corresponded to the Italian harlequin, columbine, and pantaloons, and everybody was in grim earnest, except the audience, who wept scalding tears of laughter. The humour was exquisite and primitive; and one incident in particular I remember as a stroke of unsurpassable wit—of the practical kind, no mere paltry playing upon words.

The comic man had a rival in the affections of his lady-love—which rival was a tailor, and therefore wore green trousers of much capacity—and, stealing in unexpectedly, he found him kneeling at the feet of the faithless girl. Under these circumstances, Othello would have sworn a good deal and killed the pair; Hamlet would have made several very long speeches and done nothing; and I daresay Claude Melnotte might have talked of committing suicide.

Now mark the superiority of the really acted drama to the merely spoken. (*Res acta*, a thing *done*; as Carlyle no doubt says somewhere.) The funny man let his deeds speak for him; nor was he hasty in his vengeance, but cautious and complete. Going to a tool-house at the side scene (for the place represented was a garden), he presently returned with a large wooden spade. Armed with this, he noiselessly approached the tailor, whose face was turned from him, and his whole being absorbed in an appeal to the heroine (there was an infinite eloquence in the flapping of his hands); while the girl, having coyly turned from her wooer, saw neither him nor his revengeful foe.

This last stood for a time, his visage lighted with an infernal joy, and he swung to and fro his weapon, ever gathering impetus for a terrific thwack. The moment had nearly come—the spade was about to descend with fatal force on the defenceless tailor—when a sudden shade of doubt darkened the brow of the spade-wielder: a questioning gaze of disappointment, dissatisfaction—vengeance not to be slaked with common spades. The implement was slowly lowered; weighed in its owner's hand; found wanting, evidently, for its mighty purpose. He looked keenly at the unconscious pair; one could see that he rapidly reckoned how long their conversation—happily unclogged with words—might last; he saw that the lover was absorbed in the enjoyment of his own dumb eloquence, and that the lady was coy and would not quickly yield. He plainly calculated that he would have time to prepare a more terrible revenge.

Again he went out to the tool-house, and a shudder ran through the audience—they did not dread the gruesome vengeance to come (not they!), they only feared that the tailor might get up too soon and escape it. For in every drama worthy of the name the audience takes sides, instantly and unchangingly. I dare say they do not always take the right side—as at school we all of us hated the cultured Greeks and loved those unimportant half-savage Trojans; but there are the sympathies of the human heart, in no manner to be reasoned with. And in this drama "the house" was heart and soul with the funny man, and trembled lest he should miss his revenge on the presumptuous tailor.

Back came our hero, and a shout of approval (betokened in inextinguishable laughter) went up from pit and gallery, as they saw the huge weapon with which he now had armed himself: a very Excalibur of wooden spades, of no conceivable use to any earthly gardener. To cut a long story short, history once more repeated itself; the air was still with anticipation of the blow—when that insatiable vengeance gloomed with dissatisfaction at its wooden spade. A third time the funny man crept on tiptoe to the tool-house; and now we felt that failure must surely wait upon these ultra-Fabian tactics—that blow, for which we actually panted, would be delivered a moment too late; the rival would escape, and the striker most likely tumble down ingloriously.

But the blow did not fail; and our sensations can only be compared to those of the reader of "The Christmas Carol" when he finds that Tiny Tim does not die. It was a moment worth living for. When our hero returned again from the tool-house—with a wooden spade that beggared imagination—he was a changed man: alert, decided, tigerlike: as I have heard old playgoers describe Macready in the last act of Macbeth. He strode without a sound to his rival's rear; once, twice—yes, three times, but no more—he swung that mammoth implement on high; and then—down with a sounding thwack it came, which echoed to the roof of that great house. And every man was happy!

Now, a good sermon is but the pointing out clearly the purport of its text; wherefore logically I think a sermon should be shorter than its text, but it never is. Yet the foregoing recollections are a text so ample—and, its bearing once pointed out, so very clear—that the briefest exposition should suffice.

They show—and it is, alas! a thing that needs to be shown, in these days of over-refinement, unnatural, sham subtlety of humour—the merit of real, practical fun. We shrink from the hideous coarseness of the fights in Fielding, and Smollett's rough vulgarity; and our humorous novels are so perfectly genteel that they don't make us laugh. What writer nowadays has the magnificent animal spirits of Dickens? Who would even venture to get a laugh out of Mr. Winkle's tumbling down and bruising himself badly on the ice?

A few years ago a scene was written that gave promise of great things. In Mr. Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree" the parson cuts himself while shaving, hastily sticks something on the wound, and so receives a deputation from the choir; whereupon his chin begins to bleed again, and his parishioners forget their grievances and suggest remedies—and the reader (if I may quote my own experience) laughs till he cries.

Why did not this wonderful scene cause a return to better things? Why are we too cultured to see that half the harmless laughter in the world arises from practical fun? Did not everybody, gentle and simple, enjoy the fun of Mr. Good's beautiful white legs in "King Solomon's Mines"? Very well, then! Let us pray have, from our cultured wits and humourists, not merely omniscience and analysis of character that might be comic through a microscope, but bare legs, and cut chins, and occasionally a wooden spade properly applied! E. R.

Messrs. R. Fletcher, Son, and Co. have promised £1000 towards a fund which has been started for the erection of a new Technical School and Free Library for Dewsbury.

Mr. Edward Woods, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, will give a conversazione on Wednesday, May 25 (Derby Day). It will take place in the South Kensington Museum, by the kind permission of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education.

NOVELS.

To be interested, entertained, and enlightened at the same time, will be the pleasant destiny of most readers who take up *The Woodlanders*: by Thomas Hardy (Macmillan and Co.); for, although the author may be somewhat deficient in the art of story-telling, he not only describes rustic nature, both animate and inanimate, with the fidelity, skill, and picturesqueness of a Dutch painter, but he also invariably introduces something quite new and original, so far as the experience of nine readers in ten is concerned. He sketches you an unfamiliar industry, having its own technical terms, peculiar and generally unknown beyond the circle of those who have to do with the vocation; he makes you acquainted with the personages engaged in that industry, with their habits, manners, customs, and language; and he avails himself of some rare and antiquated legal usage or institution, whereby the reader's curiosity and attention are stimulated. Moreover, he has the gift of investing homely persons and things with heroic attributes, he has perfect command of pathos, and he flavours his composition with a somewhat grim but very piquant humour. In all these respects he is conspicuous upon the present occasion, even if his story, as a whole, be rather below than above his ordinary standard. At the one hundred and sixth page of the first volume we have—with the exception of the wicked doctor, who has not yet come to the front—the prominent personages paraded before us, as they are driven in or upon two vehicles along a high road. First goes a carriage, in the inside whereof is seated the lovely, rich, and fashionable Mrs. Charmond, and on the box whereof, beside the coachman, is perched humble but heroic Marty South, the spar-maker's daughter, whose noble head of hair has just been (most unwillingly) cut off for the embellishment of the aforesaid Mrs. Charmond. Close behind the carriage runs a gig, containing Grace Melbury and Giles Winterborne, who were intended—but not by fate—to be man and wife. So "these people with converging destinies went along the road together"; and readers will do well to follow them and learn what was the tragic result of the convergence, when the wicked doctor became permanently added to the group. The honours of the romance certainly belong to Marty South, a character not blameless, of course, else she had been more than human, but so tender and yet so strong, so constant, so self-dependent, so self-sacrificing, so heavenly and yet alloyed with earth, that the heart which is melted at her sad fate is at the same time strengthened by her courageous example, and inspired to believe that—notwithstanding modern doctrines—there must be a life to come for the satisfaction of the diviner essence, which is merely hampered by mundane associations.

Authors who succeed in puzzling their readers are considered to have achieved an admirable feat, according to some remarks contained in the epilogue which is appended to *Next-of-Kin Wanted*: by M. Betham-Edwards (Richard Bentley and Son); and such a feat has certainly been performed most triumphantly in the case under consideration. A gold medal would be a poor reward for anybody who can make head or tail of the romance (if it be a romance); but, as we know from the famous instance of "The Ancient Mariner," a most exquisite piece of work may, regarded as a story, be incomprehensible and without head or tail. We are given to understand that a certain gentleman died, leaving behind him the expression of his desire that his widow, "in case her own circumstances should so far alter in the future as to permit the sacrifice, should seek out the next-of-kin bearing his name, and hand over to them the money and family heirlooms, or as much of them as she felt ready to part with." That any man (unless he had a spite against the poor woman, and there seems to have been nothing of the kind) would put his widow in so uncomfortable a position is almost incredible, for he must have known that (if she should advertise, as she most probably would, and as she actually did) she would run a risk of being crushed under the rush of claimants as Tarpeia under the Sabine shields; and that any widow should ever think that she had reached a condition in which she could afford to give up anything that she was not absolutely bound to relinquish, especially if the relinquishment would render it necessary that she should advertise for "next-of-kin," is still more incredible. However, granted that there is nothing very extraordinary or incomprehensible in the deceased husband's expression of wishes, in the obedient widow's view of her duty, in the paucity of the claimants, and so on; yet the way in which the various characters thus brought together proceed to act and talk is extraordinary to a degree which is calculated to produce bewilderment and collapse among readers of no more than human faculties and capabilities. One thing stands out clearly, that a certain reverend gentleman, a vicar of a parish, sails very near the wind in matters affecting his honesty, and might conceivably have found himself in the clutches of the criminal law; and that another reverend gentleman, a curate, is a shocking example of the clerical lover, as unchivalrous and as matter-of-fact as a journeyman cheesemonger, and perhaps more so.

A wonderful interpreter of nature speaks in *Amaryllis at the Fair*: by Richard Jefferies (Sampson Low and Co.); but everybody will be sorry to learn that in this new work the speaker has less than is his wont to say about his favourite theme and that his voice is more feeble and less cheerful than heretofore. The reason makes matters still worse; for it is to be gathered from the book that the author has become a confirmed valetudinarian. This will be bad news for all who are familiar with his exquisite essays in natural history, from "The Gamekeeper at Home" of many years ago to the present day. It would be vain to look in "Amaryllis at the Fair" for a methodical, continuous tale, with moving incidents and adventures, with a hero and heroine who, after surmounting their allotted perils, are joined together in holy matrimony. Courtship of a sort there is between consumptive Amadis and robust but gentle, fair, and mentally-gifted Amaryllis; but both that and nearly all the rest of the picture exhibited is very sad and distressing. A few patches of bright colour enliven the generally sombre aspect, a few lively notes relieve the prevailing melancholy; but, for the most part, there is little but gloom and discontent—little, in fact, but what is true to life as it presents itself to the majority of mankind. Of "jolly good ale and old," however, there is commendation in a strain which would have commanded the hearty approbation of the old school who were so ready to write and to sing in praise of malt and hops. But it is rather as a medicine unfortunately, than as a Bacchanalian beverage, that the author appears to have gained his experience of the liquor he recommends, such liquor as was brewed by worthy Mr. Iden. But, then, Mr. Iden was "old-fashioned"; a man doomed to failure in these our hastier days.

An evening reception in honour of the delegates from the Colonies will be held at the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly, on Saturday, April 30.

The Mercers' Company has subscribed £210 to the Clergy Distress Fund; the Bishop of Manchester, £100; and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, £50.



BULL-WHACKER AND MULE-SKINNER.



A WARNING TO HORSE-STEALERS.



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A CURVE ON THE DEADWOOD ROAD.



BRIDGE OVER NORTH PLATTE.



CURIOUS TREES IN RED CANYON.



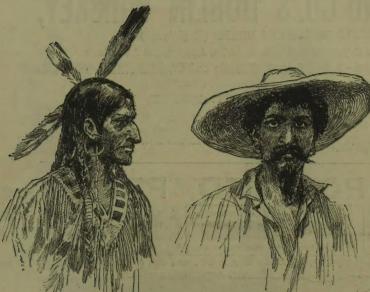
INDIANS ON THE MOVE.



THE LAST WATER FOR THIRTY MILES.



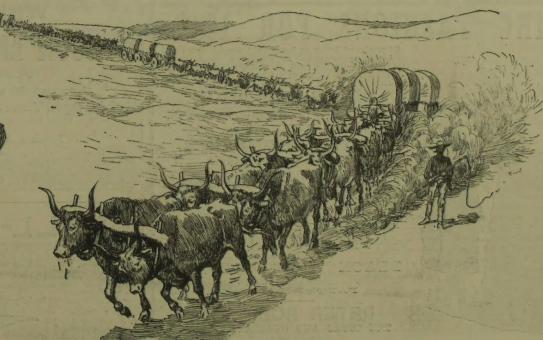
NEGRO.



INDIAN.
WESTERN TYPES.



MEXICAN.



A BULL TRAIN.

TRAVELLING WEST IN AMERICA.

Although several main lines of railroad traverse the whole vast breadth of North America to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, stage-coach travelling is still kept up between many places in the Western States and Territories, and the scenes represented in our Sketches may be witnessed in some parts of that extensive region. The prairie lands east of the Rocky Mountains, distinguished by the almost total absence of trees, owing probably to the dryness of the climate, include parts of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa, the southern portion of Michigan, and much of Wisconsin, Nebraska, Dakota, Kansas, and Missouri; the streams in this region flowing into the great rivers Missouri and Mississippi, between the 37th and 45th degrees of latitude. Westward of Omaha, on the Missouri, and of Leavenworth, in Kansas, the route of the traveller to California or to Colorado, until he approaches the great continental range of mountains, lies directly across the prairies for several hundred miles; the central line going up the Platte river, in Nebraska, and crossing the range to the Great Salt Lake of Utah. The general aspect of the country has often been described: it is not a mere level plain, but gently undulating, and usually covered with wild flowering grasses—the "gramma," the buffalo grass, and other species, affording pasture for large herds of cattle, and in the remoter districts for a remnant of the wild animals by which the whole region was formerly overrun; but agriculture has taken possession of the most fertile tracts in the neighbourhood of the railways and of the rivers, and towns and villages are arising at the most convenient stations. The progress of civilisation and population in the past thirty years has been rapidly and steadily continued, though a certain roughness and lack of finish may be observed in all outward features of social and domestic accommodation, and the native Indians have not yet disappeared, or greatly altered their primitive habits of life. Many of the early settlers can recollect the time when the western route was beset with frequent dangers and difficulties; when the tracks and river-crossings were often almost impassable, and when bands of painted Indians sometimes attacked the coaches and emigrant waggon passing through their country. But now, a journey to one of the frontier towns or mining camps, away from the railway, may be taken with almost as much security as a trip from New York to Chicago. Passengers are conveyed in comfortable "Concord" coaches, drawn by four or six sturdy little "mustangs," which travel their stage of twenty-five or thirty miles in excellent time. During the winter months, when the snow lies too deep for wheels to run easily, the coaches are converted into sleighs, by removing the wheels and placing strong runners beneath the axles. Great skill is exhibited by the drivers of these coaches, and the pace at which they go round perilous curves, or down precipitous inclines, often causes the passengers no small uneasiness. On some roads, merchandise

is conveyed by means of "bull trains," in which from eight to ten yoke of oxen form a team, drawing three trail-waggons; they pull enormous loads, but travel slowly; these trains are often of very great length. "Mule trains" are also used to convey goods; they move more quickly than the oxen, but are not capable of drawing such ponderous weights. The names given to the drivers of these freight-trains are "bull-whackers" and "mule-skinners"—no doubt, owing to the unmerciful way in which they castigate their patient beasts. On the north-western route, in Dakota, the traveller sees much to interest him; for he will almost daily pass bands of Indians, with their shaggy ponies and immense droves of cattle, on their way from Texas to the northern grazing lands; while herds of graceful antelopes or of bison or buffalo may sometimes be perceived at a distance. These animals, however, are becoming more scarce every year, retreating far into the northern territories, where they are pursued both by the Indians and by white men addicted to hunting such big game. A similar process of change is taking place on the south-western route from Arkansas and south of Colorado to New Mexico. The modern American type of civilisation is spreading over the entire region of the Great West, and is already effacing, or at least is pushing into the background, what remained of its former condition. Londoners will shortly have a fine opportunity, at the American Exhibition described in another article, of seeing the most remarkable features of that great country and its people.

A HANDBOOK OF PAINTING.

The experiment which Sir A. H. Layard has attempted in giving to the world a new edition of *Kugler's Handbook of Painting* (John Murray) is, at least, a hazardous one. Fifty years have elapsed since the work originally appeared at Berlin; and, although Sir Charles Eastlake in translating it fourteen years later "edited" the book in a certain sense for the English-speaking public, the natural dulness of the author's style, his purely arbitrary divisions of schools and periods, and the undue prominence he gave to one phase of art, more than counterbalanced its erudition. Since Kugler's day, moreover, art criticism has made many strides in advance. In Kugler's own language, Wickhoff, at Vienna; Woermann at Düsseldorf; and Woltman, at Strasburg, have contributed much to our knowledge of Mediaeval and Renaissance painting. Amongst our own countrymen the labours of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle would alone have rendered a modification of Kugler's work necessary, as Lady Eastlake herself admitted by her revised edition of her husband's work; but even this has been since thrown into the background by Signor Morelli's remarkable work on the works of the Italian masters in German galleries. The Italian Senator who modestly veiled his nationality practically revolutionised the whole theory of art-criticism. He swept away the hard-and-fast lines with which Kugler had attempted

to circumscribe the various schools of Italian painting, and substituted "periods" of art. He attributed that influence rather to general internal causes, at work more or less simultaneously throughout the Peninsula, than to the external teaching of any particular master or school; and he maintained that the study of characteristic forms was probably the only true means of ascertaining the real authors of pictures. Sir A. Layard has recast Kugler's work, as far as possible, upon the lines of Morelli's method, and it must be admitted that the result, so far as we can judge from a partial study of the eight hundred pages of which the two volumes are composed, is a very great improvement upon the two preceding editions. The wider question whether Kugler's work deserved so much elaboration in some parts must be left to time and more familiar use to decide. Upon the point of the condensation and omission of much of the earlier portion of his work there is little danger of disagreement. The writers on Early Byzantine Art and Mosaics belong to the school of antiquaries and archaeologists; and we should be glad to see future writers on Italian painting limit themselves to the interval between Cimabue and Tiepolo—a period sufficiently extensive to satisfy the most laborious. Sir Austin Layard's qualifications for an historian of art are unquestionable, and, although in some cases we may feel inclined to dissent from his verdict, it is impossible not to admit the force of his arguments, and the reasons on which his faith in certain masters is based. As a book of reference confined within reasonable limits, this new edition of Kugler is likely to become as attractive to general readers by reason of its portability, as it will be to students on account of its scientific arrangement and accurate acquaintance with the best period of Italian painting.

The Fire Brigade Jubilee Commemoration at Oxford, on Whit Monday, promises to be the largest and most important meeting of Fire Brigades that has ever taken place in this country.

It has been decided to place one hundred and fifty guineas at the disposal of the Council of the National Rifle Association, to be devoted as a special prize or prizes, to be called the Corporation of the City of London Prize or Prizes, and to be competed for by the Colonial and Indian Volunteers at the forthcoming Wimbledon meeting, on conditions to be settled by the Council.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of the honour of Knight Bachelor being conferred on the following gentlemen:—Matthew Crooks Cameron, Chief Justice of Common Pleas of the Province of Ontario, in the Dominion of Canada; Andrew Stuart, Chief Justice of the Superior Court in and for the Province of Quebec, in the Dominion of Canada; Frederick Matthew Darley, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Colony of New South Wales; Eugène Pierre Jules Lélezio, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court of the Island of Mauritius.

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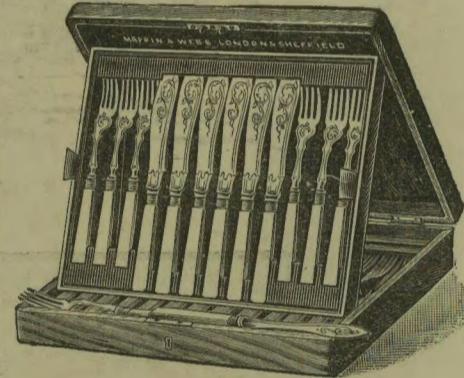
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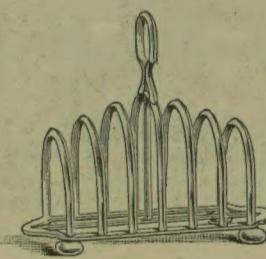
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Massive Solid Silver Mounts,
£1 4s.



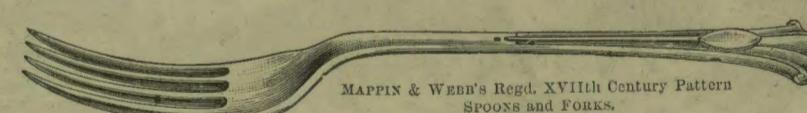
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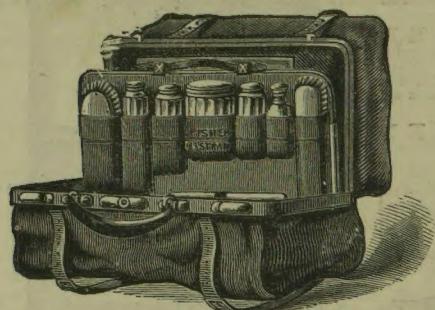
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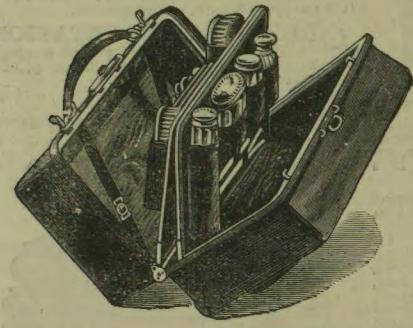
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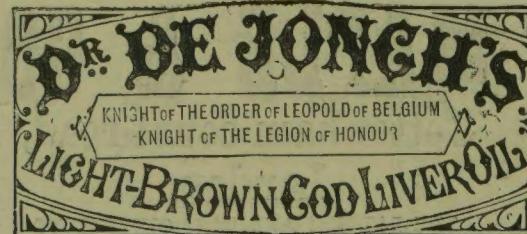
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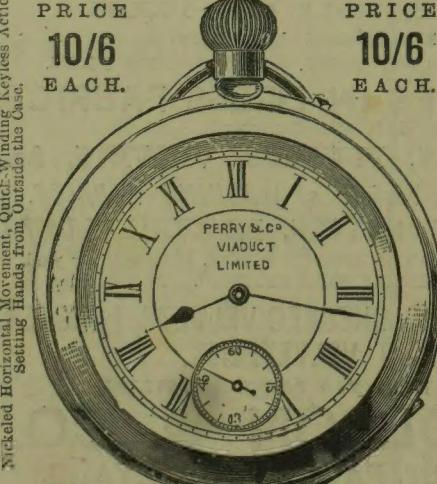
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